

May 1, 1934

The American Magazine of

ART

Including "Creative Art"



Price 50 cents

The American Federation of Arts, Washington

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

General Offices: 801 Barr Building, Washington, D. C.

OFFICERS

ELIHU ROOT, *Honorary President*

FREDERIC ALLEN WHITING, *President*

FREDERICK P. KEPPEL, *1st Vice-President* C. C. ZANTZINGER, *3rd Vice-President*

GEORGE D. PRATT, *2nd Vice-President* DWIGHT CLARK, *Treasurer*

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

To serve to 1934

Royal Bailey Farnum
Frederick P. Keppel
Duncan Phillips
George D. Pratt
John R. Van Derlip
Henry A. Wallace
Frederic Allen Whiting

To serve to 1935

Herbert Adams
George G. Booth
Dwight Clark
Arnold Bennett Hall
Everett V. Meeks
Arthur W. Page
D. Everett Waid
C. C. Zantzinger

To serve to 1936

Robert Woods Bliss
Mrs. Murray S. Danforth
Henry W. Kent
Florence N. Levy
Olive M. Lyford
Homer Saint Gaudens
George F. Zook

SERVICES

Publications

The American Magazine of ART. Monthly, illustrated. 25th year. \$5 a year.
The American Art Annual. With biographical directory. 36th year. \$10 a volume.

Educational

Circuit exhibitions. Illustrated lectures. Advisory service. Package library. Special projects.

Book Sales

Any available publication supplied members at a 10 percent discount.

Conventions and Conferences

25th Annual Convention, Washington, D. C., May 14-16. Occasional regional conferences.

*Information about chapter and individual memberships furnished on application to
The American Federation of Arts, Barr Building, Farragut Square, Washington, D. C.*

The Twenty-fifth Annual Convention will be held at The Shoreham Hotel,
Calvert Street, at Connecticut Avenue (near Taft Bridge), May 14, 15, 16, 1934.

*The American
Magazine of*

ART

*Including
"Creative Art"*

VOLUME XXVII

MAY 1934

NUMBER 5

Emil Ganso: Old Saw Mill <i>(Courtesy Downtown Gallery)</i>	Cover
John Trumbull: Battle of Bunker's Hill	Frontispiece in color
The Impulse to Create	231
The Painting of the Middle Range <i>By Virgil Barker</i>	232
Samuel Finley Breese Morse: Portrait of Lafayette	Insert in color
New Developments in Southern California Painting <i>By Arthur Millier</i>	241
Whistler—the Man <i>By Edmund H. Wuerpel</i>	248
Twentieth-Century Ceramics <i>By E. M. Benson</i>	254
What Baltimore Will Do with the Walters Bequest <i>By Francis Henry Taylor</i>	261
"Machine-Made" <i>By Catherine Bauer</i>	267
Field Notes	271
New Books on Art	283

Previous issues listed in "Art Index" and "The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature"

*Published Monthly by THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS
Barr Building, Farragut Square, Washington*

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

Postage included in the United States and possessions. Canadian postage 25 cents extra, and to foreign countries, 50 cents extra. The Magazine is mailed to all chapters and members, a part of each annual fee being credited as a subscription. Entered as second-class matter October 4, 1921, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., January 1934, and at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Title Trade Marks

Registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Copyright 1934 by The American Federation of Arts. All rights reserved. All manuscripts should be sent to the Editor, The American Magazine of ART, Barr Building, Farragut Square, Washington, D. C. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes, to insure return in case material may not be used. The Editors cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited material.

FREDERIC ALLEN WHITING, Editor

F. A. WHITING, JR., and PHILIPPA GERRY WHITING, Assistant Editors
Barr Building, Farragut Square, Washington, D. C.

CHARLES Z. OFFIN, Director of Advertising
40 East 49th Street, New York City

ADVISORY EDITORS

VIRGIL BARKER
RENÉ D'HARNONCOURT
F. A. GUTHEIM
FISKE KIMBALL
FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.
HENRY McBRIDE

WILLIAM M. MILLIKEN
DUNCAN PHILLIPS
PAUL J. SACHS
LANGDON WARNER
FORBES WATSON
BRADFORD WILLIAMS

AUTHORS IN THIS ISSUE

VIRGIL BARKER, one of our Advisory Editors, was for some time Assistant Editor of *The Arts*. Before that he was director of the Kansas City Art Institute. He has written a book on Peter Brueghel, the Elder, *A Critical Introduction to American Painting*, and a monograph on Henry Lee McFee, as well as a number of important articles. His article this month, "The Painting of the Middle Range," throws welcome light on an interlude too little known today.

ARTHUR MILLIER, art critic of the *Los Angeles Times*, is strongly identified with the art and artists of southern California, although he was born in England. He is, as well, an etcher of considerable reputation, and is represented in several public collections. His active furtherance of a liberal understanding of the arts has made it possible for him to write keenly on "New Developments in Southern California Painting."

EDMUND H. WUERPEL's first article on "Whistler—the Man" appears in this issue; a second part, accompanied with several pages of reproductions, will appear next month. Mr. Wuerpel had the good fortune to know Whistler and to know him well. To these personal reminiscences the author, who is a painter, brings the perception of an artist as well as the recollections of a friend. He is director of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts.

In this number E. M. BENSON presents his article on "Twentieth-Century Ceramics," which follows his last month's article on textiles of the same period. Mr. Benson is a frequent contributor to these pages as well as to *The Nation*, *Creative Art*, and *Parnassus*.

FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR, Director of the Worcester Art Museum, has been very active in the field of art scholarship since his graduation from the University of Pennsylvania ten years ago. He studied at the Universities of Paris and Florence, and, as a Carnegie Fellow in the Fine Arts, at Princeton. In 1927 he became Curator of Mediaeval Art at the Pennsylvania Museum and of the Rodin Museum, Philadelphia. He came to his present position in 1931. This year he has been busy as New England Regional Director of the PWAP and as Chairman of the Advisory Committee to the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore.

CATHERINE BAUER has written extensively on housing, architecture, and planning in *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *The American Mercury*, *Fortune*, and *Creative Art*. In 1931 she won a thousand-dollar *Fortune* prize for an essay on art in industry, her subject being housing in Frankfurt. She has traveled purposefully and done much research. Her book, *Modern Housing*, is to be issued soon by Houghton Mifflin.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024



Yale Gallery of Fine Arts

BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

(From the Manual for the Radio Series, "ART IN AMERICA, 1600-1865")

Courtesy Raymond & Raymond, New York

The American
Magazine of

ART

Including
"Creative Art"

May 1934

THE IMPULSE TO CREATE

THERE are some signs that the arts, and the attitude of mind that makes their creation possible, are coming into their own again. Perhaps the period of incubation, so comfortably motionless, is ending. Certainly the heat of controversy on topics of the day has reached a pitch that might hatch even this rare bird.

Most people in the lush twenties and for many a decade before thought of art as a rich man's plaything. Rare indeed was the person who looked at art and saw there something more significant than an anecdote, an old master, or a badge of opulence. But now what was once considered a piece of luxurious hand-made merchandise begins to take on new meaning. More of us have made the discovery that a work of art can be the means of heightening our comprehension of the world in which we really wish to live.

A natural counterpart of the new attitude toward art is a new and more understanding recognition of the artists. They are actually emerging from their attics and their studios as human beings. We are recognizing them as creators of real, not fancied, values. Instead of fearing the artist's creative approach and consequently either belittling him or stuffing him with flattery, more of us are beginning to respect him—even to envy him—because it is natural to him to meet the demands made by his acceptance of the creative impulse. He creates even when his back is *not* against the wall.

We are on our way to things we know not of. In these disturbing yet exhilarating days more people are deciding that the creative attitude, so essential to the true artist, may enliven also our heretofore atrophied imaginations. We are realizing that this same impulse to create, freed from the incubus of outgrown dogmas, is the one thing which society cannot do without and live.

How civilized our civilization would be today had there not been artists able and eager to perceive new forms and new objectives instead of the inadequate ones that enslave most of us, is an open question—especially so when we remember how, in crisis after crisis, creation has been the desperate last resort of the herd. Perhaps it has been for this reason that art has been so generally segregated from the "stern realities" of life. We are in general frightened of reality—lazy, wary, and grudging of faith, but most of all inert. We are not inert today because desperation is driving us to the course which is the artist's normal way of life. We could have no better guide in the painful achievement of a new civilization.



Courtesy American Folk Art Gallery

BUFFALO HUNTER (ANONYMOUS)

THE PAINTING OF THE MIDDLE RANGE

By VIRGIL BARKER

IN the first footnote to *Specimen Days*, Whitman described the subject of that book as "... my time, that middle range of the Nineteenth Century in the New World; a strange, unloosened, wondrous time." This was in 1882, ten years before his death. Lopping off a like period from his childhood gives the year 1829, which was also the year when the East, at the inauguration of Jackson, sustained the startling impact of a force from the Middle West destined to alter every phase of American life. And all the way along, from politics to painting, this frontier mind was disruptive and unsettling; it caused quick shifts of direction and almost equally sudden replacements in business and in manners and in the arts. For these the hindsight of history can uncover, perhaps not justifications, but at

least explanations; yet not even the former, should they subsequently appear, will ever make Whitman's three adjectives appear excessive.

Almost coincident with that dramatic incursion of the newest Americans occurred the decline from dominance of the oldest Americans—and with them went the good taste which had so admirably distinguished their patronage of the arts. The delicacy of the Adam style in homes and the fairly uniform dignity of the Roman revival in public buildings were supplanted by the vagaries of the Greek revival, the advocates of which were apt to consider themselves most severely classic when they were most exotically romantic. Duncan Phyfe was already forsaking his version of the Empire style and, under the compulsion

of his patrons, designing what he himself called "butcher furniture." In portrait-painting the point of change can be indicated even more precisely: the declension began with the death of Gilbert Stuart in 1828.

Many craftsmen had felt called to discipleship under him, and he had given generously of his knowledge and advice; yet in the end none achieved the old master's mastery. Not one but was definitely altered by the contact, however brief, and hardly two attained steadiness of vision or consistency of technic. All of them remained overmuch the creatures of their technically lowly origins, and neither the occasional distinctive portraits by some of them nor the more frequent successes of John Neagle sufficed to redeem this quantitative production from mediocrity.

A higher average of technic was maintained in miniature-painting until near the middle of the century, after which that branch of portraiture dwindled into desuetude before the daguerreotype; but in history-painting, during the middle range, practically nothing of artistic merit was accomplished. The form itself was already only a relic from the stirring first years of the new nation's life, when it constituted the most ambitious embodiment of the patriotism which also stamped itself upon glassware and textiles and other crafts. This emotion remained strong enough to waken excitement over sporadic examples through this later time, even down to *The Spirit of '76*. But only Emmanuel Leutze now retains a place in the story of American painting by virtue of his historical pictures specifi-

PIETER VANDERLYN: MISS VAN ALEN OF KINDERBROOK, NEW YORK



Courtesy American
Folk Art Gallery

cally; his contemporaries who intermittently perpetrated them are now more kindly remembered for other sorts; and after this middle range was past, the interest which had gone into them seems to have been effectually channelled into mural work.

Existing histories of painting in the United States give prominence to the foregoing divisions of the art, which were mere survivals from one period into another; those books do not record the substratum of genuine continuity in what is now generally called folk art. Their authors were compelled to discuss paintings of this humbler rank in the Colonial period, if only to dismiss them with apology or contempt, because such works formed the greater part of what was done by at least the native-born craftsmen. But the historians, from the years when the pupils of West returned, have busied themselves exclusively with the obvious technical importations of professionals and have not recorded how the folk art not only continued but actually increased in both amount and vitality. This art, after the ex-

plorations of the last ten years, begins to look like a great pool in the middle range, receiving the rough streams and hesitant trickles of craft traditions from the past and storing up a certain kind of experience which is proving to possess importance for us today.

The line that divides folk painting from that which has up to now received all the space in the histories is the variable one of professional sophistication. As Mr. Holger Cahill puts it, the technics of the former go back to those of Colonial shopwork—sign-painting and coach-decoration. A man could be a professional painter in this sense without exhibiting in his work the professionalism indicated by the added word “sophistication.” The difference may be illustrated by another reference to some of the painters who sought out Stuart for instruction. Eichholtz, Frothingham, and Neagle all started from this miscellaneous shopwork, by which they made their living; from Stuart they caught, in varying degrees, the sophistication which raised their work above the technical level of folk art

DECORATIVE PLATTER WITH FRUIT (PAINTING ON VELVET, 1800-1840)

Courtesy American Folk Art Gallery



WOMAN IN TURBAN

WATER COLOR, CIRCA 1800

Courtesy American Folk Art Gallery



without necessarily bettering its essential spiritual quality.

The term "folk art" does not have the same meaning in America that it has in Europe. The Americans themselves were not peasants immemorially attached to the soil, and the work from their hands lacks the stylistic coherency which is the result of such living. Therefore that work as a whole cannot, as the peasant crafts in certain countries of Europe have often done, afford technical guidance and emotional vitality for arts more fluent and more worldly-wise. Specific examples may yield suggestions to individual artists, but the body of American folk art is too discrete and inconsistent to serve as a prime source for a national "school" of art.

At the same time, the painting, if not the sculpture, properly called folk art is a permanently important expression of the American mind. In the middle range it is definitely an art of the masses, in contrast to the art of the classes during the later Colonial and early republican years. In the cities it occurs

in the bystreets away from the fashionable districts; more notably it appears far from the cities in the villages and in the country, and there it is the whole art of painting. Even when it is made in the cities and peddled on the margins of civilization, it shows an easy relation to its owners—just as do the prints of Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives. (What a title, that, for a musical comedy featuring a dancing team!) It must be remembered, of course, that this painting continues important in spite of technical shortcomings, not because of them; clumsiness and crudity do not of themselves insure spiritual intensity. But this homespun painting does appear in many instances more authentically American than much work of much greater competence.

Practically all of this painting, whether expert or bungled, was done in the East; the frontier jack-of-all-trades never seriously tackled picture-making in hand-painted oils. Jouett, seeking out Stuart from distant Kentucky and returning there to practice, is almost unique in the record. Itinerants from

the East percolated westward, but few of them found it actually profitable. The frontiersman felt little or no antagonism toward art as such; on the contrary, he was so eager to render it homage that he wasted his amazement and his awe upon mere poeticles and daubers. But for a long time he did not have the money to purchase even what he wanted of art; and traveling face-painters were frequently compelled to do as Dickens reports one of them doing in Illinois—eat their way along. That rate of payment seems fair enough for many of the pictures which remain, although Dickens describes two, of an innkeeper and his son, “looking as bold as lions, and staring out of the canvas with an intensity that would have been cheap at any price.”

But on the frontier one man’s opinion was as good as the next man’s; admirations starting from total ignorance and finding few occasions for exercise would hardly develop a habit of discrimination.

That was exactly the trouble with the children of the frontier backtrailing from an existence empty of lovely things and patronizing art with such deadly assurance through the balance of the nineteenth century. That was also the trouble with those who had never been West at all, even in the persons of their immediate ancestors, but who had risen from a similar cultural poverty into the sudden affluence of industrialism. It was the confluence of such human streams which threw up on the shores of our history carpenter Gothic, Swiss

RAPHAELLE PEALE: AFTER THE BATH (1823)
THE CITY ART MUSEUM, ST. LOUIS



*Courtesy American
Folk Art Gallery*



Courtesy American Folk Art Gallery

EDWARD HICKS: THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM
FROM A PRIVATE COLLECTION

cheese chalets, cottages bracketed into beauty, stone-pillared obesities, and Oriental nooks. Mrs. Trollope's Cincinnati emporium in the "Græco-Moresco-Gothic-Chinese" manner was matched by Colonel Colt's Hartford villa, Italian in effect, with Turkish domes and pinnacles, all furnished with English comfort—a creation fully deserving the tribute from that contemporaneous critic who called it "a characteristic type of the unique." So much architectural daring in less than fifty years gives to Whitman's choice of adjectives an air of cautiousness mildly ludicrous in one who made such a point of bold words.

The interiors of these houses were crowded with every sort of comfort asserting that idea of superfluity which was the natural pendulum-swing from scarcity. The furniture flaunted crocheted tidies and doilies and antimacassars and "throws." Red plush albums and vases of cat-tails contended with flamboyant wallpaper. Heavy curtains excluding daylight and broom-swept carpets did about all that could

be done to spread tuberculosis, which infected life with fear and imparted pathos even to tinkling funeral verses and tawdry mourning pictures.

The paintings found on the walls of such homes were few at first, but they increased rapidly in number and in variety. If any among them showed the technical unsophistication of the still current folk art, it must have got there through the stubbornness of some older member of the family holding on to some thing familiar from a former existence. For the taste along this level of success was emphatically for the latest technical fashion from Europe, the Düsseldorfian meticulousness which seemed to invite minute inspection. That the details were manipulated or evaded, more often than not, escaped the notice of the inspectors. Though the gilt frames successfully competed for attention in the visual disorder of these interiors, the paintings themselves were not nearly as "unique" as they might have been. That, in fact, was what made them



EASTMAN JOHNSON:
TWO MEN
METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART



HENRY INMAN:
SELF-PORTRAIT
PENNSYLVANIA
ACADEMY OF THE
FINE ARTS

HENRY SARGENT:
THE TEA PARTY
THE MUSEUM OF
FINE ARTS, BOSTON



unique in a riot of uniqueness. Their intellectual and emotional content was disarmingly simple.

Portraits were already being judged by their approximation to the results of the new mechanical means of recording human lineaments, but it was always conceded that color gave the painter a certain advantage. It was largely because his work remained consistently painter-like even in its most gracile fluency that Sully was then coming to be considered old-fashioned. More than one now forgotten practitioner apparently tried to transmogrify not his craft alone but his very vision into a mechanistic function. Whether complete success would have been a subhuman or a superhuman event, it might be a philosophical puzzle to decide; but the actual results were neither good art nor good mechanics. This tendency at times impaired even the usually sound, though frequently dull, production of the mature Chester Harding. A more even body of work was achieved by Charles Loring Elliott,

who stayed prosaically at home and worked away with seemingly prosaic industry. If no single portrait by him quite achieves the distinction of a few by Healy, the main reason may be simply that the latter, in all his international commuting, had the good luck of a few sitters with more interesting personalities. The single painter of the middle range who even occasionally made a portrait convincing by what he himself contributed was Eastman Johnson.

But today Johnson seems more interesting, if not more significant, as a genre painter than as a portraitist. Perhaps the mere appearance in our painting of something besides portraiture accounts for a good deal of the affection now often bestowed on the earliest examples of genre and landscape and still-life. These freer forms seem to have first appeared in this country around the beginning of the nineteenth century in pictures painted by certain portraitists for their private pleasure. As possibly the result of their being out of bounds,

so to speak, the sort of vision embodied in them has much in common with that of the folk art; at any rate, the painters of this class followed that lead and produced quantities of works in all these forms. The notable thing toward the end of the middle range is that it was at last possible for a professional painter to support himself by devoting his talent to genre or to landscape. It is not necessary to run the risk of adding to the misuse of the word "puritanism," but it is at least accurate to say that this circumstance marked a relaxation of the hitherto rigid utilitarianism of the American attitude toward art.

One step more along this lowest plane of artistic freedom—the plane of subject-matter—was to be postponed yet a while. Not until the very end of the century was the feminine nude brought out of the barroom. There only had she reigned all through the middle range. Perhaps she did not lure men to wickedness with the bait of art; that was hardly necessary. But perhaps she did seem to lure men to art with the bait of wickedness. Surely it is no advocacy of immorality to seek liberation from that bondage.

During the middle range itself two men were at work who, because they possessed imaginations, were in it but not of it—William Morris Hunt and George Fuller. Merely living in it involved them in some relationships with it, of course; but it would require more than this sketch of the period to show what those relationships were. At its close occurred an ending as definite as that of aristocratic portraiture almost fifty years before; folk art died, choked by literacy and the machine. Simultaneously occurred an even more clear-cut beginning in the establishment of a new cosmopolitanism as a factor in American taste by the generation of young technicians just returned from Europe. A certain amount of the painting characteristic of the middle range continued even into the next century; painters do not die conveniently enough for the historians' classifications. Winslow Homer's work, well begun by 1880, was deeply rooted in this stretch of American life; and both the kind and the quality of the experience developed by the middle range vitally conditioned the later great achievements of Eakins and of Ryder.



WILLIAM SIDNEY MOUNT: SELF AND WIFE IN LANDSCAPE
THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS



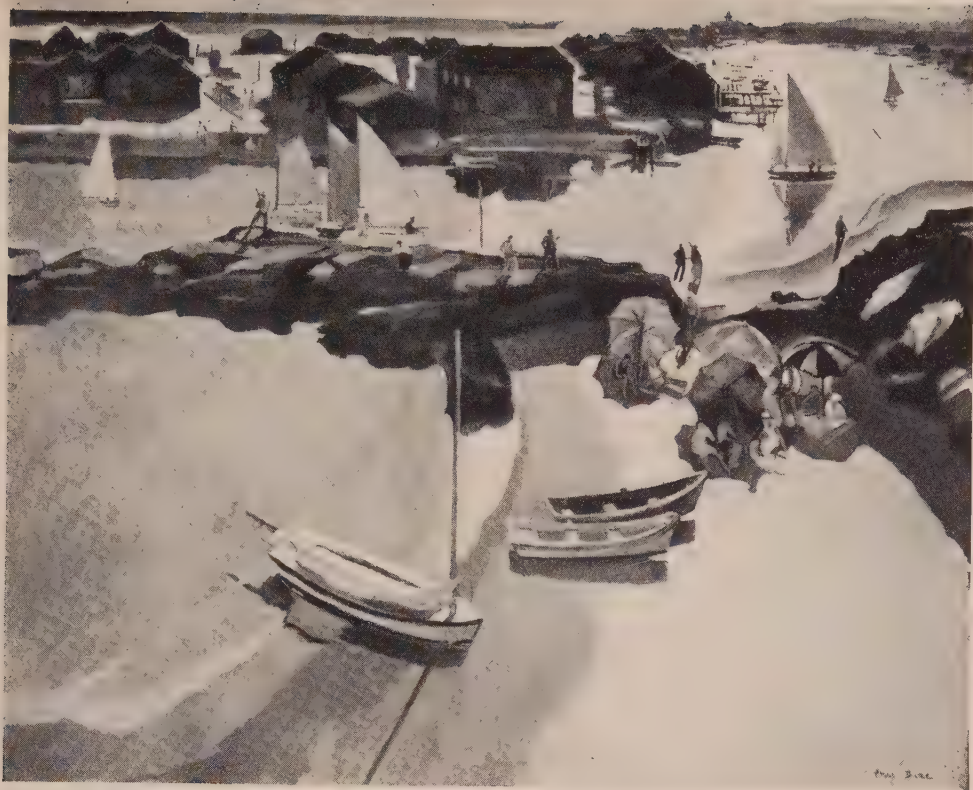
City Hall, New York

PORTRAIT OF LAFAYETTE

Courtesy Raymond & Raymond, New York

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE, 1791-1872

(From the Manual for the Radio Series, "ART IN AMERICA, 1600-1865")



PHIL DIKE: HOLIDAY

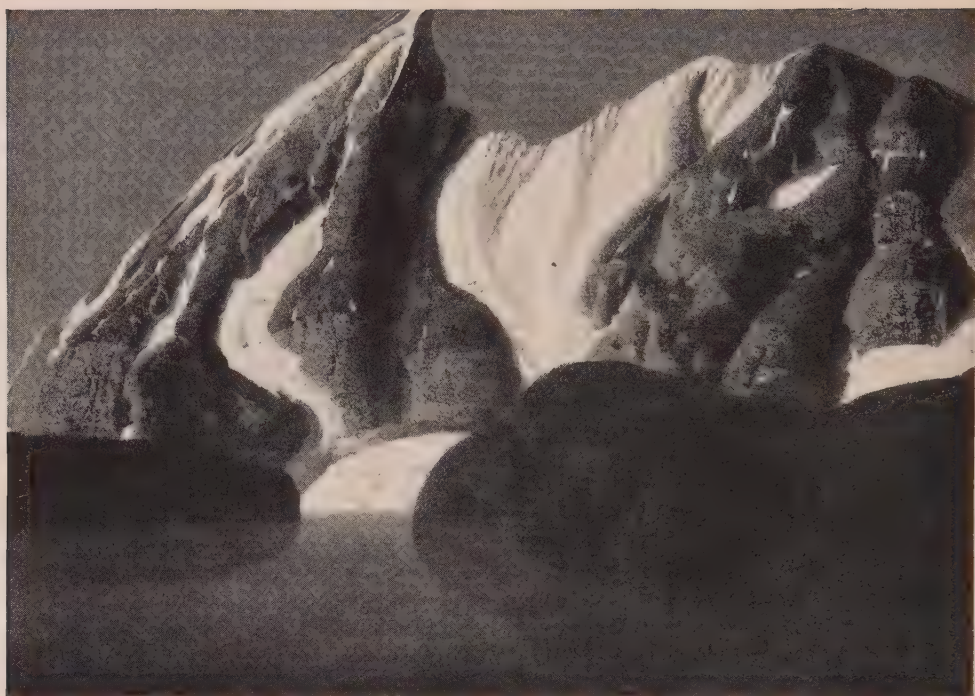
NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PAINTING

By ARTHUR MILLIER

UNTIL a decade ago, painting in Southern California produced innumerable landscapes, seventy per cent of which were bought by tourists as souvenirs. The painters themselves were little more than tourists. Coming to visit, they were charmed by the outward appearance of the land. They painted, of necessity, from this outside viewpoint. There were, among these landscape painters, draughtsmen who could paint the figure. With few exceptions they went outdoors, leaving form behind them, and painted the light which is the first aspect of this region to impress the eye. There were, and still are, capable painters in this landscape group. But

since this article deals with more recent developments which are not much known outside the state, the earlier and still popular landscape school will not be considered here.

Painting is much practiced in California. A directory of the state's artists, craftsmen, and teachers of art, published last year, contains nearly three thousand professional names and is far from a complete record. Two-thirds of those listed are painters. The beauty and variety of the landscape, together with the moderate climate, makes outdoor painting an attractive recreation but induces miles of feeble daubs. Perhaps these form a true popular art. Usually they are done in imitation of the



CONRAD BUFF: CATHEDRAL MOUNTAIN, ALASKA

more successful local landscape painters whose works still draw the votes, and occasionally the rewards, of public favor.

With the shrinking of the market for painted tourist souvenirs, a generation of native artists is nearing maturity. Where the earlier landscape painters contented themselves with an approximation of light and air according to the gospel of impressionism, these younger artists are discovering the characteristic forms, rhythms, and life of their country. It is interesting to note that they are doing this, in many cases, through the guidance of older native artists who, during the halcyon tourist years, took no part in the popular landscape trade. From some of these artists the younger groups have developed in definitely marked schools. Other painters stand alone as individuals.

F. Tolles Chamberlin, of Pasadena, California-born painter and sculptor, fellow and former instructor in the American Academy at Rome, has had a wide and good influence on younger painters. His students know that color is not just paint squeezed from tubes. They are disciplined. They draw. Millard

Sheets, the phenomenal young painter who can bring off anything from interior decoration to a man-sized fresco, and who is one of the best water colorists in the country, was a Chamberlin pupil. Elizabeth Baskerville MacNaughton, sensitive painter of flowers and people and a born colorist, is another. Phil Dike and Lee Blair, two of the most capable younger painters, are others who drew knowledge from this erudite and sensitive artist. For years Mr. Chamberlin's energy went almost entirely into teaching. Now he is working on a group of mural paintings for William McKinley Junior High School in Pasadena under the Public Works of Art Project.

If F. Tolles Chamberlin disciplined many of the best younger painters, another California-born artist, Clarence K. Hinkle, of Laguna Beach, encouraged them to adventure. Mr. Hinkle is a ceaseless student and experimenter whose paintings are highly regarded by his brother artists. When these two taught simultaneously at the Chouinard School of Art, many artists who are now making names for themselves gained a sound training. Mr.

Sheets, who worked under them both and is now head of the art department at Scripps College, himself quickly became an inspiration to and an influence upon the younger native painters. They have followed his explorations of the wharves, farms, and street scenes of this region, but Sheets is always one leap ahead of them. Despite his teaching at the college and at the Chouinard School of Art, Mr. Sheets finds time to paint oils and water colors, to decorate homes and paint murals. His services are always in demand. He recently won a competition to paint a large fresco in the new Bullock's store building. With another young artist of real talent, James Patrick, Sheets is completing three outdoor frescoes in the patio of the South Pasadena Junior High School.

A school of painting which has no parallel elsewhere in America consists of Stanton Macdonald-Wright and his followers. Like Chamberlin and Hinkle, Wright is native-born. A precocious youngster he was in Paris with the

fauves. With Morgan Russell he proclaimed "Synchromism," a two-man movement which figured in one of Stieglitz's early group shows and got into the histories of art. Willard Huntington Wright, Stanton's brother, was the movement's publicist. S. Macdonald-Wright, however, was too much the student of history to be satisfied with a sterile "movement." He delved into religions and philosophies and came up holding fast to the art and philosophy of old China. Neither Europe nor the East Coast pleased him any more. He hates New York and lives overlooking the Pacific at Santa Monica. He seeks, in his painting, to blend Western civilization with Oriental culture—an adventure peculiarly appropriate, and perhaps prophetic, for the future of this coast. Michelangelo and the Sung painters are contributing elements to his style, which, while entirely different, recalls Persian painting in its clear line drawing and bright colors. His color grew out of his "Synchromist" period. Wright's best students, such as Albert Henry King and



F. TOLLES CHAMBERLIN: AFTERNOON IN THE ARROYO



MILLARD SHEETS: ABANDONED

James Redmond, are really disciples. They adopt his style and method and gradually work out their individual styles through that of their master. This school of painting is not at all understood by Eastern critics. They cannot see, underneath the borrowed Chinese elements, the destiny of this region to absorb wisdom from beyond the Pacific. This school has a future.

Lorser Feitelson came here from Paris and New York a few years ago, waving the banner of neo-classicism. He knows his Louvre and is a master analyst. His own paintings are often heartless old-master machines without life, but he knows how the masters built up their paintings, both aesthetically and technically. His students get usable knowledge and his influence on younger artists is wide and helpful. Ruth Miller, whose painting of "Wrestlers" won second prize for oils in the Olympic International Fine Arts Competition and Exhibition during the Tenth Olympiad, was a

Feitelson student. One other painter-teacher has had considerable influence on the growing art. He is Edouard A. Vysekál, an exuberant Czech. His figure painting is sometimes very fine, sometimes the reverse; but always broad and spirited. He is a fine water colorist, too.

Scores of young painters are developing, influenced by one or more of the artist-teachers mentioned above. From Millard Sheets has sprung a large group of young water-color painters who need bow to no group in the country for freshness of viewpoint, vigor of attack and faithfulness to the truths of their environment.

Some of the most important painters work alone and have no student following. Walter Pach recently hailed Gjura Stojana as a great modern artist who should be given walls on which to paint monumental murals. Stojana works hidden away on a Los Angeles hillside. His most conspicuous public achievement is the large abstract "Sports" mural in Bullock's



Copyright by Philip R. du Bois

STANTON MACDONALD-WRIGHT: ZARDUSHT AND HIS TRAVASHI (SHADOW)



JOSEPH DE MERS: NINE P. M. (WATER COLOR)

Wilshire, a remarkable and lastingly beautiful work in which various types of painting are combined with wood carving. Stojana attacks his work with the joyful spirit and the feeling for materials of a primitive.

The mountains have been favorite subjects for painters, but few have studied them as closely as Conrad Buff, who abandoned the impressionist and the light-and-shade methods of rendering them and painted them from an architectural viewpoint which gives an impressive feeling of their form and scale. The austerity of such a method is relieved by an elaborate textural treatment based on the closest study of nature. The High Sierras, the deserts and the canyons of Southern Utah furnish many of Buff's subjects for paintings and lithographs.

Warren Newcombe paints landscape with exceptional strength and color. He seeks to grasp, not the appearance, but the reality of

his subjects and his painting reflects his fervent nature. Paul Starrett Sample and Barse Miller are two who have had conspicuous success in interpreting the local scene in clear, well-designed pictures; charmingly touched, on occasion, by humor.

While Hugo Ballin, A.N.A., did not grow up here, Southern California is richer for his murals in B'nai B'rith Temple and elsewhere in schools and public buildings. Charles Kassler, recently come to Los Angeles from Denver, has completed a large and brilliant fresco representing a bison hunt on the plains. It covers two stories of wall in the Children's Court of the Los Angeles Public Library and was painted under the Public Works of Art Project.* Mr. Kassler's style reaches back to the caves of Altamira for some of its elements. He works in a free, rhythmic linear counterpoint and preserves the integrity of the wall.

* Illustrated, page 176, April, 1934, issue.

Still other artists in the Los Angeles group are Phil Dike, Henri DeKruif, Mabel Alvarez, Phyllis Shields, Carl Oscar Borg, Ross Dickenson, and Arthur Durstan. Boris Deutsch, whose art developed here, is now in New York, where he showed in February at the Seligman Galleries. Peter Krasnow, another important painter, will soon be back from several years in France.

San Diego has two fine younger painters in Everett Gee Jackson and Dorr Bothwell. Mr. Jackson works in an architectural manner akin to the modern Mexicans but quite individual. The Mexicans, particularly Orozco and Siqueiros, have influenced the younger painters, principally by stimulating a desire for simpler, more direct presentation of ideas. Orozco's "Prometheus" fresco at Pomona College is a masterpiece. Alfredo Ramos Martinez, founder

of Mexico's first open-air free art school, has been painting in Los Angeles for three years. His style is colorful and decorative.

Santa Ana has three artists, Robert Gilbert, Miss Jean Goodwin, and Arthur Ames, who work in styles somewhat akin. They have a naïvely truthful approach to their local subject-matter. In Santa Barbara, Douglass Parrshall is working out his own method of tonal gradation in figure and landscape. There, too, works James Couper Wright, brilliant water colorist and designer of stained glass.

In Southern California three trends meet: the European-American traditions of painting, the Oriental, and the modern Mexican with its emphasis on indigenous Indian symbols. The country itself stimulates a desire for color, and a variety of good painting is resulting from these conditions.

LORSER FEITELSON: THE PEASANT CHILDREN
LOS ANGELES MUSEUM



WHISTLER—THE MAN

By EDMUND H. WUERPEL

IT is my intention to present Mr. Whistler under a new guise, a guise in which you will hardly recognize him. It was not uncommon, some time ago, to be asked "Have you heard the latest Whistler story?" followed by one of those farcical *Punch* stories of which there seems to be no end. Naturally one does not care to be deprived of such a source of amusement, and yet it is this rather ungrateful task I have set myself. It can be done only by showing you the man as I knew him, and in consequence I must thrust myself into the foreground. If I can succeed in acting as a sort of medium of transmission—if you will look through me, as it were, into the personality of my subject—I shall have no doubt that you will forgive the personal nature of this article.

When many years ago I became an art student the ghosts of the old masters constantly thrust the shadow of their filmy existence across my path. From all sides it was impressed upon me that I must study the old masters. I had seen very few of their works before going abroad, and these had not inspired me with a very great desire to more closely cultivate their acquaintance. Older students, my first teachers, and my casual acquaintances insisted upon the importance of these old treasures until I rebelled and had made up my mind that even though I might have the opportunity of studying them to the best advantage, I should probably be disappointed and would be satisfied with nothing less than the moderns.

Before entering an art school in Paris I wandered many a long and hopeless hour before the endless miles of old masters in the Louvre, and very few of them seemed to want to speak to me. I apparently was not able to understand them, and became convinced that the first estimate I had formed of them had been correct. Almost the first criticism I had from that dear old man, Bouguereau, who will never more offend us with his nymphs and cupids—his first personal remark was, "And you love the Old Ones, the Masters in the Louvre, is it not?"

As I wandered through the galleries I saw many students copying the old pictures. Many

were doing it for money and only a very few for love of the pictures themselves. The latter advised me to go to the Luxembourg if I wanted to see the modern painters, urging that I might not find the old ones so difficult to fathom if I should first become acquainted with the new ones.

So I paid my first visit to the Luxembourg and found many friends there—Bonnat, Carrière, Pointelin, Aman-Jean, Sargent, and others. And here, too, I found many students copying, some for love but most of them for money. The former I soon learned to pick out and I fought shy of the latter. The students told me that they found copying a help to them technically, that they became acquainted, so to speak, with the painter's method. For many days I was sufficiently impressed to be satisfied with mere externals. Then I, too, became possessed with the craze to copy. Which was I to begin with? Finally I attempted a Pelouse, then a Henner, then a Bonnat; but always there remained an unsatisfied yearning toward the picture of a beautiful old lady with an old-fashioned lace cap on her head, her strong old hands resting peacefully in her lap. She seemed to speak to me very closely, this dear old lady, and I wanted to know her more intimately. Although I saw many of the students stand before her in evident admiration, no one ever seemed to be copying her. So after each copy I made was finished I would go back to this lovely picture and try to pick up the needed courage to ask for permission to copy it. Invariably my courage failed—no one seemed to dare to do it. I think it was a year before I finally made up my mind at least to have a trial at the old lady's portrait. It seemed so simple in its low-toned arrangement of black and gray. The more I studied it the more I desired to know how the thing was done.

Finally one day I went to the guardian at the Luxembourg and asked the usual question—"Has any name been entered to copy the 'Portrait of My Mother' by Whistler?" The guard was dusting at the time and as the question came to him he turned about sharply, star-

ing at me without replying. And I waited patiently. "Dame!" he said at last. "Vous voulez faire ça, le portrait de Monsieur Whistler! mais person fait cela, voyons." I was rather nonplussed. "But why not?" I asked. "Is there any reason why no one copies that?" No reason at all except that it was an unusual thing to do under the gallery regulations. The canvas was too large to be copied full size, and no one seemed to care either to reduce it or copy it in fragments. So I made up my mind to take the largest canvas which the museum regulations would allow me to use and to copy as much of the portrait as this size canvas would contain. I drew and scraped and painted and scraped and painted again. How dreadfully disheartening the mere beginning of that canvas was! How vague the simplicity of it, how tender the harmony. I was about to give it up when suddenly one morning it began to progress. It began somewhere around the lace at the wrists. Why, I do not know. I worked no harder nor understood any more clearly what I was about than when first I began to paint. But I became conscious that things were moving, really moving in approximately the right direction.

One day when the canvas was drawing near to a finish I stepped aside to study it, retreating as far as the small dimensions of the gallery would allow. I squinted at it, turned to the right and to the left to get rid of the glare, and became suddenly conscious that one of those thoughtless visitors who throng the galleries of Europe had stepped in between me and my copy and was looking at it too. Usually these curious ones did not intrude very long; a glance often sufficed and they would go on their way either in bewilderment or contempt. But this figure was persistently long in moving on, and I had perforce to take special note of it.

It was the figure of a little man in a silk hat, from beneath the straight, stiff brim of which a mass of straggling black curls welled forth. He wore a tightly buttoned, long black coat, had very dainty feet and hands, and carried a little thin wand, or cane. As I looked at him in some impatience he drew from his pocket a lens and, slipping it into his left eye, stared more and more persistently from my copy to the original on the wall and then back again. I was strongly tempted to step up to my canvas and continue to work, thinking that

this would certainly give a hint to this unfeeling curiosity-seeker of my desire that he should remove his hindering presence. Finally he turned very slowly, the monocle still in his eye, until his glance fell upon me, back in the corner. Then his face lighted up with a smile such as has seldom been bestowed upon me. Bowing slightly he addressed me in French, asking "Are you making this copy, Monsieur?" I had been so provoked that it was on my tongue's end to say something rude, but I could not in the face of such a winning manner. I noted his soft gray eyes, buried beneath rather heavy, bushy, iron-gray eyebrows, his full red lips and small mouth, under a not too heavy mustache. The very small head and the suddenly receding cheeks of his expressive face made him an uncommon person to look at. He was strangely familiar to me, yet I could not recall having seen him before. But he was saying, "Why, this is not bad at all; it has merit and a certain conception of the artist's feeling and a sympathy with his method. I congratulate you." And bowing gracefully he wandered on.

I was left dazed by this commendation of my work by an utter stranger. But his manner was so knowing and his appearance so convincing that I took comfort and proceeded to finish my copy with some little feeling of pride in the achievement and always with a lurking wonder as to who the little man could have been.

A few weeks after this I had occasion to borrow a collection of pictures from representative painters for an exhibition in the galleries of the American Art Association. It was our first venture at this sort of thing and we were not at all sure of the reception we should have at the hands of the masters. We called on all of them and were in every instance received most cordially, and had no difficulty in securing as many canvases as we wanted for our walls. From Mr. Whistler came a note written to me as secretary of the Association, asking me to call on him Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. With much heart-beating and shortness of breath I rang the bell of the little door back of the shops at number 110 rue du Bac.

I entered a sort of vestibule built like a gallery or balcony, from which one got down to the lower level by means of a short flight of stairs. There was not much in that room, yet

its harmony alone furnished it—clothing it as with a gown of exquisite design. I was shown across this room to a door leading into a reception room and there at a table bestrewn with a confusion of papers, drawings and other things, sat my small gentleman of the Luxembourg. He arose, twisted a monocle into his eye, and advanced to meet me with outstretched hand, recognizing me instantly with, "Why, this is the copyist. I had no idea you were an American, the other day." And hardly giving me time to answer his remarks even in the conventional way, he began to speak to me of the *old masters*. How lovely they were; how much *they* could teach us; did I not care to study them; modern methods were so slipshod, so without reason; for only those who had arrived had sufficient knowledge to understand some of them. But the old fellows! How fine, how unaffected, how simple!

Was I never to get rid of these old masters? Were they to be forever forced down my throat like some unpalatable tonic? For fully half an hour the little man talked to me, this first morning of our encounter—the first of many a long hour of loving, pleasant, and profitable communion.

Was it the happy circumstance of the poor copy that had thus quickly gained for me so simplified an entry into the familiar life of this great man? Was it that unaccountable sympathy which he felt at once, which led him to open the doors of his mind to me? Or was it just the generous impulse of a noble mind, always ready to help and generally knowing just where help was needed, that made him feel my wants and doubts and discouragements. Be this as it may, from the very beginning he was friendly, amiable, gentle, and wise; and this attitude was maintained toward me until his death.

It was not so much what he said, that Sunday morning, as the way in which he said it, that made such an impression upon me. There was not the slightest suggestion of patronage, hauteur or condescension; no show of superiority, wisdom, or greatness. Had he been a family physician giving me friendly advice concerning the governing of my health, he could not have talked more gently, more sympathetically, or more earnestly. I was an utter stranger to him, one of a thousand students to whom his mere

name was the symbol of success. He could not at that time have foreseen how intimate our relations were to become, nor had he any ulterior motives in receiving me with such unaffected cordiality. It was pure kindness of heart—benevolence, I would say.

So much was I impressed with his manner that I finally departed entirely forgetting the errand upon which I had come. It was only after the door had closed upon me that I thought me of the request I had come to make. I stood some time debating what I should do. Finally in a shamefaced way I rang the bell and made my way back to him with my forgotten request. "Why, God bless us!" he laughed, "I, too, had forgotten about your Club exhibition. Tell me about it." I came away again with an invitation to visit him in his studio in the rue Notre Dame des Champs the next morning. What I reported to the fellows of my interview, I cannot remember. I was so bewildered, so thrown out of my usual channel, that I hardly knew what I was about, and you may be sure I was at the studio door before the appointed hour.

Mr. Whistler himself let me in, and ushered me into the large barn-like place in which he worked. I was to know every nook and corner of it before many months, and the impression of a *workshop* never left my mind.

I was given a chair under the great north light, and Mr. Whistler brought out a number of little pictures for me to look at and from which to select, having a just word of praise or of blame for each of them. One would never have suspected him of having done the work himself. His criticisms were as free from self-consciousness as could possibly be. This impersonal manner toward his own work he maintained almost without fail as long as I knew him. He was, perhaps, as quick to find faults in his own work as in that of others. A keen sensitiveness toward color and composition dominated his attitude. He would take one sketch at a time, always dusting it reverently with a silk cloth, and, placing it with great care in the most favorable light, he would comment upon it. "Now what do you think of this?" he would say. "A nice note of blue, isn't it? The black is not just right, and I am amazed that it won't come. It needs a little skin of gray over it. And this, now, isn't it pretty, what?

Such a soft harmony between sky and water. I don't think I could improve that. Do you think the value of that mast is right? I have worked at it again and again, and yet it does not seem to go *just* where I want it." Much as a student, a mere beginner, might have his doubts and his difficulties over an academy study. That his doubts were genuine I have never questioned.

One day he happened to take a little panel out of his chest of sliding drawers, a study of a beach with great silvery clouds, done in Brittany he told me. It was one of the things, of which I must confess there were several, that did not appeal to me particularly. He dusted it, put it in a frame, and placing it on an easel in the proper light, he called to me to come and look at it. "What do you think of it?" he asked. "Is it good? I painted that four years ago, and have had misgivings about it every time I looked at it. I have worked harder at that little beast of a panel than on many a larger thing, and I don't seem to get it. Tell me, what *is* the matter with the nasty little thing?" I had at this time known him so long and so well that I was assured he really *was* asking for my opinion of it. But this was the first time that I had the temerity to venture a criticism from my own point of view. I made a suggestion with which he may or may not have agreed, I do not know. But a few days later he said with one of his rasping little laughs, "I say, Wuerpel, you spoiled that little panel completely, and now *I* know what was the matter with it." He showed it to me and I beheld to my amazement that he had utterly ruined it. Imagine my consternation at being blamed for such a catastrophe. "Well, you know, you said it was not right, and I knew it was not right, so I just got rid of the wretched thing, and it won't bother me any more. But *you* spoiled it." All in the frankest, most boyish way imaginable, and with about as much reason as a child.

He was not one-sided enough to bear ill-will, or even to refrain from asking my frank opinion on other occasions. He would listen to what I said with the attention and respect of a student, and as I grew to know him better, I spoke more freely and expressed exactly what I felt. Sometimes he would take my criticism and alter things I had suggested, but oftener he would put the study away and would not

look at it again for months when, in all probability, my criticism of it had been entirely forgotten. When he was satisfied with his performance he would be as happy as a child. His enjoyment was purely impersonal, and his keen understanding of what was beautiful in his own painting as in that of others, gave him, to my mind, the right frankly to love and even to praise his own work. I never had the feeling that he was vain over it. When the canvas, or etching, or lithograph was done, it was a thing created and he never took into consideration the creator. I have seen him manifest or express the same degree of enjoyment over some rarely beautiful thing. He would use exactly the same endearing terms to express his adoration as those he used in appraising his own paintings. His expressions may have sounded affected, or rather they may seem affected in cold print; but to hear him say "lovely, beautiful, pretty," and to see his smile of pleasure and to observe the light kiss he would throw at the canvas as the gathering twilight shut it from his view, was to believe the man sincere. I have never for a moment ceased to envy him this ability to thus create his own enjoyment.

I would not for a moment have you imagine that he enjoyed nothing but his own work. I often accompanied him, not only to the Louvre and the Luxembourg, but also to innumerable private and other exhibitions. In the Louvre his favorites were the old Italians, the color of Titian, the robustness of Tintoretto, the sumptuousness of Veronese appealed to him always. He would, however, lose patience with the mere surface prettiness of Dolce, Palma Vecchio, Guido, and such painters and say that it was a consolation to know that even in the most glorious period of the Renaissance there were impostors and overrated fakers. He was perhaps a trifle severe with the persistent prettiness of Raphael, whom he called a draughtsman, and though the dignity and personality of Michelangelo impressed him, as indeed it must all who study him, he did not consider him either a great painter or a sympathetic sculptor. Van Dyck, he said, was artificial. There is a beautiful portrait by Van Dyck in the Prado at Madrid, and when I recalled it to his mind he acknowledged its dignity and reserve and a certain harmony of color; but he could not pardon the lack of character in the

portrait, nor the conventional treatment of the hands. "Look at Velasquez," he said; "are you conscious, in his paintings, of the hands as a detail? Do you see them step out of their proper place; do they force themselves upon your attention? And yet they are as well drawn and as admirably placed as Van Dyck's, only they are part of a whole and preserve a subordinate position always." His enthusiasm for Velasquez was, if possible, the greater because he could not conceive how the man had brought himself to work in so direct, simple, and truly impressionistic a manner. He also gave unstinted praise to Rembrandt and a few others.

In the Luxembourg he was as just and honest as he was in the Louvre. It was not necessary that a man should paint just as Mr. Whistler did. He recognized schools as we all did and had, naturally, his preferences. But he was not narrow in his appreciation, and wherever there was good work, work well done, he found it, enjoyed it, and praised it. That the artist was unknown made no difference to him and a good thing was good wherever it appeared. He was averse to the general methods employed in schools and said frequently, "Now if I had a school I should allow the student to do just as he pleased. If color attracted him, I should not dream of forcing him to draw in black and white. Drawing may be taught with the brush as well as with the pen." It is curious to note that when he had eventually found the courage to establish a school of his own, he was more or less a failure as an instructor. Some of his views were decidedly original, and at that time I had not had enough experience either to argue with him or even silently to disagree. In an argument he was a good listener, always willing that you should speak as long as you cared to, but once the floor was accorded him he was exceedingly impatient of interruption. The Philistines have exaggerated his personal peculiarities until they assumed stupendous form and became gross faults. I have heard it said, and I have read the statement, that Mr. Whistler was too narrow to recognize any beauty in art except that which had come from his own brush; that he recognized no living artist as the superior of Mr. Whistler; that he was arbitrary and would neither listen nor deign to give reasons for his statements. This is not in accord with my own intimate experience.

His aversion to interruption applied to other things than speaking. In his studio he had a series of doors which were always locked, and very few people could force themselves upon him if he chose not to have them do so. I remember with what delight I was given instructions in the special tap to which he always answered. I have been in his studio again and again and have heard persistent knocking at the outer or hall door, to which he paid no attention whatever. I once asked him if he was always right in ignoring people in this way, and he replied, "If they are merchants they can write to me; if they are sitters or purchasers they can write to me; if they are curiosity seekers I don't want to see them. My work must not be interrupted."

He was very methodical in all things and especially so in his preparations for work. In the first place the light must be right. He would not undertake work on a gray day that had been begun on a bright day. He came into the studio at ten-thirty or eleven, took off his hat, gloves, and coat, and put on a short jacket, replacing his monocle with spectacles. One of the lenses of these was plain glass and he wore the frame for greater convenience while working. Then he examined the work he had done the day or the week before, passing that peculiar, impersonal judgment upon it which I have already described. Then, tearing himself away from something in which he was interested he would place the canvas or panel on which he was to work that day upon his easel, carefully and judiciously considering exactly what he wished to do with it. If it was a portrait he was painting, the accessories had all to be in place no matter whether he worked on any of them or not. For instance, I was posing for him once and wore a high collar. The next time I came I was sure that he was going to work on the shoes for he had made up his mind to do so the day before. My neck was chafed, so I wore a low collar and perhaps even a different tie. When I got into my togs and took my position before him I noticed a disappointed expression on his face, which finally ended in the question, "Haven't you forgotten something?" I could not think of anything until eventually he called me to look at the canvas and said, "I believe you wore a different collar." I knew him sufficiently well by this time to realize that for the

time being argument would not mend matters. So I simply asked, "Can't you do without it?" To which he said shortly, "No." Then I explained that my neck was sore and I could not wear a stiff collar with any degree of comfort. He simply said, "Let's do something else then," and for that afternoon there was no more posing. So it was with his professional models; things must be just so, otherwise he would stop. He argued that any change unduly attracted his eye, and that this distracted his mind from what he actually wished to do. "I have always the temptation before me of wanting to correct what is amiss, and so cannot give my undivided attention to that which I wish particularly to do."

That is a most sane and reasonable argument, and I thoroughly sympathized with him, but his critics told with much relish that Whistler had one day noticed that a rich client had changed his diamond stud, and finding that it did not throw out the exact number of rays, refused to finish the portrait.

He had a large square mahogany palette table from which he carefully lifted all the paint when he stopped work, depositing it in separate pans which were placed in shallow glass trays filled with water. This insured his getting exactly the same tone of color that he had been using. He would lift this color out of the pans, carefully draining the water from it, and then proceed to mix the colors he needed until he had matched the tones he had used before. I have also seen him use a glass palette which he emerged in a shallow glass dish without disturbing the colors. He did not mix his colors as he used them, but considered with the utmost deliberation what tone and what value he wanted for his lights, his shadows, and his intermediate or half-tones. Having mixed a sufficient quantity he would place his model, his easel, and himself in the form of a triangle, each being about twelve feet apart. He would not only study with earnestness the exact relation of colors, but would make passes through the air with his brushes to get just the stroke he wished to use. Having determined this he would step quickly to his palette, load his brush, glance once more at his model and deftly apply the color. This process was gone through again and again until the canvas was finished. He never lingered immediately be-

fore his canvas, but always at a distance from it equal to that between the model and himself. This insured his seeing it as a whole. While he was working he forgot his model completely, and when the professional model was too impatient he rather resented it. He was gentleness and leniency itself when it came to excuses for not posing, in fact his models sadly imposed upon his good nature. But once the work was in hand, nothing must disturb its progress. Upon one occasion I was posing for him when he became so absorbed in what he was doing that he went even beyond the long interval between rests. I think I must have stood in that one position for the better part of two hours. I thought every minute I should fall, and only the thought of his perfect unconsciousness toward what I was suffering kept me up. He had said to me, one day, "I want to ask you to do something for me. I am often at my wit's end to get some one to pose for me who is willing to make some sacrifice for my sake. A paid model will not do more than just so much. A sitter cannot enter into my feelings always and often spoils a whole day's work by stopping at an inopportune moment. Will you pose for me? I know you will understand and I am sure that I need not explain if I ask a great deal of you." Of course I was only too glad to do it, and so I stood almost beyond the power of endurance and waited for him to say "Rest." Finally he must have noticed in my face the agony of my exhausted limbs, for quite suddenly he dropped his brushes, ran to me with the greatest concern, crying, "My dear fellow, you are as white as a sheet; what is the matter?"

He helped me to a couch and when the first spasm of pain had left me I said, "Do you know how long you have kept me standing?" He looked at his watch, and when he realized what had occurred his contrition was laughable and his tender heart was truly concerned for me. Though he never again kept me as long, yet on several occasions my endurance was taxed severely before I was allowed to rest. His appreciation for such service was so deep that it was almost pathetic and I felt a hundred thousand times repaid for this sacrifice of mine.

[Mr. Wuerpel's reminiscences will be continued in the June issue. The second installment will be illustrated.—EDITOR.]

TWENTIETH-CENTURY CERAMICS

By E. M. BENSON

POTTERY is one of several arts that were miraculously nursed back to life at the beginning of the twentieth century. This period of convalescence parallels, in point of time, the vigorous spring cleaning that was taking place in all the arts, in painting, in sculpture, and in architecture. Pottery being a by-product of all these arts, it necessarily shares their destiny. When the art of painting or of sculpture falls upon evil days, you can be almost sure that a similar fate is reserved for pottery. It is inescapable. A flourishing ceramics tradition cannot possibly exist when the mother arts are in a state of somnolence or decay. There are, of course, exceptions—but these exceptions do not make the rule.

In this article, as in my article on "Twentieth-Century Tapestries" in the foregoing issue, I am concerned not with the work of the artisan *per se*—the potter who devotes his life

to perfecting a unique glaze or to bringing out the subtle color values of high-fire kiln silicates—but rather with the ceramic artist whose work embodies a personal vision of the world, creatively equivalent to the art of our best painters and sculptors, who is contributing something that is as genuine a product of the twentieth century as the best Cretan, Rhages, Sung, or Staffordshire ceramics were of their respective ages.

Has this been done? I believe it has. But more often by the painter or sculptor turned potter than by the professional ceramicist. One of the earliest forecasts of what the twentieth century would bring forth in the way of ceramics was the pottery the sculptor Rodin designed for the Manufacture de Sèvres between the years 1879 and 1882. Of the fifty or so pieces, including vases, bowls and plaques, which he helped produce—and for



RODIN: LE PRINTEMPS
CERAMIC PLAQUE
DESIGNED FOR THE
MANUFACTURE DE SÈVRES



DUNCAN GRANT: DECORATIVE TILE PATTERN

which he was paid a monthly fee of a hundred and seventy francs, plus three francs for each hour of actual work—at least half a dozen of them have a decorative simplicity that is a refreshing holiday from the nightmare rococo and Oriental eclecticism of his contemporaries. However insipid Rodin's aphrodisiacal nymphs, dryads, satyrs, and plump *putti* may seem to us now, they were, nevertheless, technically superior and far more deeply felt than most of the things that were being done at the time.

As we round the bend of the nineteenth century and enter the twentieth, we get a far more promising picture. The 1907 Salon d'Automne included in its exhibition a hundred examples of porcelain, grès, and faïence fired by Albert Métthey, the master potter of Asnières-sur-Seine, and decorated by many of the artists who were to form the vanguard of modern art: Renoir, Redon, Bonnard, Maurice Denis, Derain, Matisse, Maillol, Laprade, Rouault, Roussel, Vlaminck, and several others whose names are not quite as well known. Years of experimentation with various kinds of clays, glazes, and enamels had made it possible for Métthey to offer his collaborating

artists a range of colors almost as wide as their oil palettes. What this resulted in was a new kind of easel painting on a luminous ground. This must have been pleasing to Renoir, who had spent many years of his youth painting porcelains, but particularly welcome to Rouault, who has always shown a preference for painting on a smooth surface, such as paper or panels of wood, probably the result of his early apprenticeship to a maker of stained glass.

It can be argued, of course, that neither Rouault nor Matisse were ceramicists in the real sense of the word; that they merely supplied the designs and left the rest to Métthey; and that consequently the artists' designs and the pottery forms on which they worked were seldom integral—that one did not augment the formal structure of the other. Here we are confronted with two important considerations. The first is a problem peculiar only to the machine age, namely that certain utilitarian forms such as the plate, the bowl, and the vase are very often not really intended for use, but are thought of as having the same decorative freedom as an easel painting or a non-architectural piece of sculpture. It is ap-

parent that ceramic objects of this kind require designs of a much more insistent, self-sufficient character than similarly shaped objects that are meant to be used as vessels of service. If you contrast any of Rouault's plate designs with, let us say, the semi-abstract sgraffito plate design by the American painter-potter, Henry Varnum Poor, you will understand why Rouault's plates were never meant for use and why Poor's are.

Potters are becoming more and more aware of the contradiction that is created when decorative ceramic forms that have potential utility are framed like paintings and hung on a wall. This may to some extent explain the tendency among modern potters like Varnum Poor and Carl Walters to go over into the wider pasturage of ceramic sculpture.

The second of the two important considerations I referred to can be more easily stated than resolved: that is, whether designs for quasi- or actual utilitarian ceramic forms should be architectonic—that is, whether the design should stress the inherent shape, depth, or roundness of objects, as Matisse does in his portrait plate and Rouault in his vase—or whether the designs and the forms should live

together but not, decoratively speaking, in wedlock, as the reclining nude on one of Varnum Poor's early plates or Rouault's clown. The fact that the same artist can alternate between one method and another is sufficient proof that both methods are perfectly valid. This, however, should be added: the architectonic solution tends to emphasize the decorative aspect of the pattern; the non-integral solution, the plastic. Occasionally, but very rarely, both are combined, and we get the perfect piece of pottery. But there is no hard and fast rule about these things. It is fatuous to assume that any one rule-of-thumb exists by which all questions of this nature can be satisfactorily answered critically. To the purists we say, a first-rate artist is guided by his sensibilities, and they generally take him where he wants to go. The others need a pocket manual, and even then there is no assurance that they will find their way.

Obviously there is much more to the art of ceramics than knowing how to turn a form on a wheel or how to explore the stubborn secrets of baked clay. This knowledge is essential, to be sure, but it will never take a potter very far unless his imagination can



ROUAULT:
POTTERY VASE
Courtesy J. B. Neumann



G. H. WOLFF:
HEAD OF A NEGRO
(GLAZED TERRA COTTA)



MATISSE: PLATE
(EARTHENWARE)
COLLECTION
ALFRED FLECHTHEIM

guide his hands to do what a wheel can never do. It is at this point that the potter-artisan is superseded by the potter-artist; and this is why it is the latter to whom we must turn for most of the really important pieces of contemporary ceramic art that have been and are being produced.

At the time that Rouault was designing his earliest ceramics there was only one other potter who, to my knowledge, was saying something that had not been said before. The porcelain figurines by the German sculptor, Ernst Barlach, struck a new and original note. He made about nine of them in 1907. Their soft, fluid, restful lines are a far cry from the theatrically posed Meissen porcelains of the eighteenth century. However, they have this in common—sound craftsmanship and fine sculptural sensibility. Since then, Barlach has been working almost exclusively in wood and bronze, probably because he feels that his crude peasant types require a more rugged shelter than porcelain. Many of Germany's

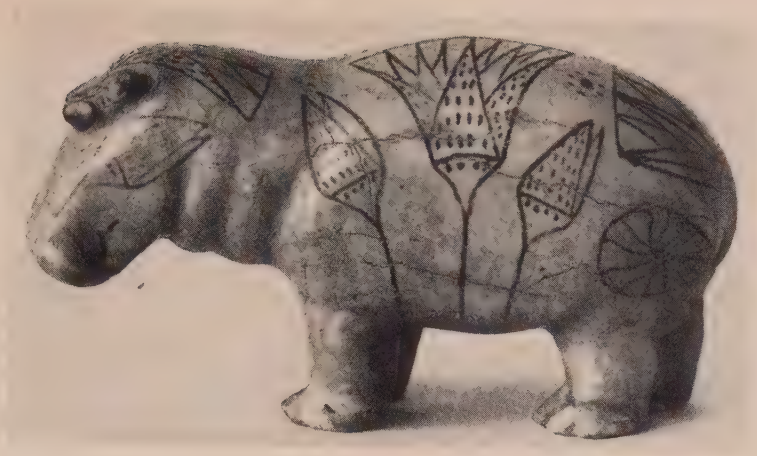
potters have attempted to carry on from where Barlach left off, but most of the figures in porcelain and glazed earthenware—with the exception, perhaps, of the powerfully modeled head of a Negro in glazed terra-cotta by the greatest of all contemporary German sculptors, G. H. Wolff, and several delightful porcelains by the sculptor Gerhard Marcks—are aesthetically inconsequential. They are charming, and some have a real measure of plastic worth, but they are seldom more than high-class bric-à-brac, the kind with which the Wiener Werkstätte and numerous other European firms have deluged us during the past fifteen years.

America and England, by some curious act of providence, never passed through the Wiener Werkstätte phase of modern ceramics. And I am not so sure that they missed anything. England, at least, made up for it in another way. A great impetus was given to ceramic art in England by the creation, as early as 1915, of the Design and Industries Association, which was organized by a hand-

HENRY VARNUM POOR: SHALLOW EARTHENWARE PLATE



Courtesy of The Artist



(ABOVE) EGYPTIAN HIPPOPOTAMUS; (BELOW) HIPPOPOTAMUS BY CARL WALTERS



COLLECTION
NELSON
ROCKEFELLER

*Courtesy
Downtown Gallery*

(BELOW) CARL WALTERS: TERRA-COTTA LION



*Courtesy
Downtown Gallery*

ful of designers and craftsmen. Their slogan was "fitness for purpose." Their reiterated advice to the potter and the manufacturer was "look after the fitness and beauty will look after itself."

Whether as a result of this campaign or not, several fine potters have pressed forward into the front ranks since the early 1920's. I shall mention only a few of their names: Bernard Leach runs a well-equipped pottery at St. Ives in Cornwall and is well known for his high-temperature stoneware, somewhat reminiscent in form and in color of the Chinese Sung and Korean work. The earthenware and terra-cotta animals of the sculptor, Reginald F. Wells, are, in my opinion, the finest ceramic objects of their kind that are being made in England today. As a technician he ranks very high. He developed an evenly glazed pottery known as "Coldrum ware," named after the town in Kent where he set up his first kiln, and also perfected a type called "Soon" pottery, which has an unornamented crackle surface upon which white and pale green glazes are obtained by firing and refiring at off temperatures. John Skeaping, the sculptor, has also done some interesting pottery, several of which were included in the International Ceramic Exhibition held at the Metropolitan Museum in 1928. Important as experiments in interior architectural decoration are the ceramic tile panels designed by the painter, Duncan Grant. This form of ceramic art, which the Persians mastered as no other people have, has a spontaneity and a charm that cannot be obtained with any other medium.

Is it not strange that America, which has no ceramic heritage to speak of—nothing, certainly, that is comparable even to England—should have produced two artists whose ceramic work is unequalled by anything that is being done abroad? The recent work of Carl Walters and Henry Varnum Poor has exceptional merit. What they are doing is as indigenously American as Walt Whitman and Ring Lardner. They didn't start out that way, but that is the path they are now taking and along which they are likely to continue to go.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art played an important rôle in determining the careers of both these men. Carl Walters was a painter until he happened to see the blue Egyptian

ceramic ware in the Metropolitan and decided that he would build a kiln of his own and discover how that amazing blue was obtained. Varnum Poor was launched on his ceramic career by the Cretan ware in the Metropolitan. But both of them have outgrown their first loves. Walters has left his "blue period" behind him and, like Poor, has turned to free ceramic sculpture. One of his earliest and finest pieces is the earthenware duck recently purchased by the Metropolitan Museum. He has since added many ceramic animals to his whimsical and extraordinary menagerie: a wild pig, a lacquer-red bull, a greenish-blue walrus, a blue hippopotamus, and a terra-cotta lion that might have escaped from the friendly forests of Benjamin Kopman's paintings. If you compare Walters' hippopotamus with the twelfth-dynasty hippopotamus in the Metropolitan you will see how much less naturalistically conceived is the former, and how much further he has carried the fantasy of the decoration. The back and head of the Egyptian hippopotamus are decorated with the flower and buds of the lotus, to suggest the animal's marshy habitat. Walters' mammal, with its decorated coat of domestic flora, would feel at home in any civilized country garden. A word about Walters' lion: it is the most ingratiating and neighborly beast in the whole history of animal art; the only one I should care to be on intimate terms with.

Henry Varnum Poor's world is less capricious but no less interesting. The major difference between Poor and Walters is that the one thinks and feels as a painter in terms of surface, pattern, color, line; the other more often in sculptural equivalents and with a more limited repertoire of creative decoration. Poor's pottery, especially his plates, bowls, and vases, have an enormous range in design, in color, and in form. His "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" is a departure into a new field, although it is not new in the history of art. Poor has, however, carried the old genre piece several steps further—and has opened up many sculptural possibilities both for himself and for contemporary pottery.

America's ceramic yesterday may not be anything to brag about, but the today that Walters and Poor have made it is undoubtedly something to crow over.

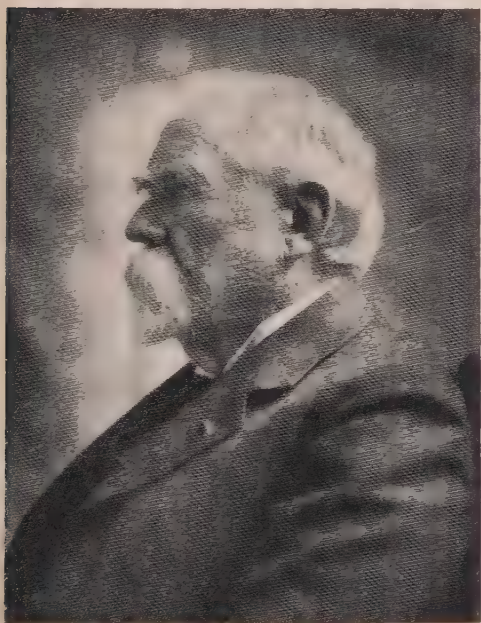
WHAT BALTIMORE WILL DO WITH THE WALTERS BEQUEST

By FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

THE death of Henry Walters on November thirtieth, 1931, was dignified by one of the most remarkable manifestations that the American art world has ever known. The bequest of the Walters Art Gallery to the city of Baltimore, together with its contents and a quarter of his estate for its maintenance (an endowment that may well reach five million dollars), is a gift which takes its place beside the princely benefactions of John G. Johnson, William Rockhill Nelson, Ed-

upon our shores, was begun in 1850 by William T. Walters, who founded the railway system which his son Henry was to carry on and perfect. To the elder Walters collecting was the polite avocation of the man of wealth; to the son it became a consuming passion, an almost primary interest which was to color a long and active career. While he was living in France during the Civil War because of the Secessionist sympathies of his father, the younger Walters became intimate in the classroom of the lycée with Durand-Ruel. A life-long association was formed which, together with a natural taste for art and an easy familiarity with artists, gave this American an interest in the artistic movements of the nineteenth century that was unique in its day. He was equally at home in the Faubourg or at Montmartre. The pleasant garden studios of Barbizon were always open to him; he became America's first *boulevardier* in the Paris of Baron Haussmann.

The death of William T. Walters in 1894, however, brought this preparatory period to an end. The son, whose relation to his father was marked by an almost patriarchal devotion, dedicated the remainder of his life to building two great memorials to him; the first was the achievement of the Atlantic Coast Line, the other the enlargement and perpetuation of his collection. From 1894 until the day of his death it would be safe to say that Henry Walters spent on an average of over a million dollars annually in the acquisition of works of art. Few public collections in America, perhaps only the Metropolitan Museum or the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, can boast of such a record, or of so able a performance. It is estimated that when a proper catalogue is made the number of items in the collection may reach twenty thousand, including besides the two thousand paintings of nearly all schools, sculpture of every period, illuminated manuscripts, incunabula, textiles, ceramics, gold- and silversmiths' art, and probably the



© J. H. Schaefer & Son

HENRY WALTERS

mund Drummond Libbey, Henry Clay Frick, and even Pierpont Morgan. Embracing virtually every known field of art from the dawn of civilization to the present day, this great collection can scarcely be fully comprehended until many years, perhaps a generation, shall have elapsed.

The Walters collection, certainly more catholic in its scope than any other ever formed

most important group of ivories, enamels, and liturgical objects of the Byzantine and Early Christian periods ever gathered together by one individual.

The overwhelming number of objects, combined with the fact that the collection was rarely accessible to the scholar during Mr. Walters' lifetime, has led to an abysmal ignorance of the contents of the Gallery and the inevitable skepticism that such a lack of knowledge so naturally provokes. But in this amazing antiquarian fairyland it would indeed be difficult to place the margin of error beyond five per cent. While naturally there are twenty school pieces for every masterpiece, even so, the record of what the Continental dealers de-

scribe as *unica* is staggering to the imagination. That Mr. Walters was himself aware of the necessity of thinning out the ranks to put on view the rarest of his treasures, is confirmed by a letter written to his close friend, General Riggs, three years before his death. In it he expressed his distress at not being able to spend enough time at the Gallery to retire some of the less important objects and show the finer things which were in storage.

The responsibilities of acceptance have not fallen lightly on the shoulders of the citizens of Baltimore, and to Mayor Howard W. Jackson and the City Council must be given unending praise in having placed the Walters Art Gallery forever beyond the vicissitudes of city

LIMESTONE MODEL; HEAD OF EGYPTIAN KING; XII DYNASTY
THE WALTERS ART GALLERY, BALTIMORE





VAN DER GOES: ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AND DONATOR
THE WALTERS ART GALLERY, BALTIMORE



DAUMIER: THE PRISON CHOIR
THE WALTERS ART GALLERY, BALTIMORE

politics. In their generosity and vision they have set an example to all American municipalities for the administration of similar public trusts. Not only in handing over the exercise of the Gallery through ordinances to a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees, but in granting power of condemnation to them for the acquisition of adjacent properties, they have assured the future of one of the country's leading museums.

The present gallery, built in 1907 and opened to the public in February, 1934, is crowded beyond any reasonable capacity. At the time of Mr. Walters' death no less than two hundred and forty-three packing cases, containing many of his greatest objects of classical, Egyptian, and Islamic art, had remained unopened because of lack of space to display them. Expansion of the present quarters is therefore an almost immediate neces-

sity. To study the possible directions for expansion and to make drawings for immediate alterations, the Trustees have been fortunate in securing the services of John Russell Pope, who was so closely associated with Mr. Walters. How soon it will be possible to build depends largely on how quickly the complicated problems of this large estate may be settled. In the meantime, the gallery is under the temporary direction of one of the Trustees, C. Morgan Marshall, who is assisted by an Advisory Board consisting of professional museum workers who will consult with the Trustees on matters of museum policy. (See *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART*, Field Notes, March, 1934.)

The first problem of the Advisory Board is to consider the proper cataloguing of this great wealth of material. A registrar's department must be instituted so that every object may be

recorded, classified, and numbered, but this working records department will make no attempt to produce overnight a *catalogue raisonné* of the collection. That phase of activity will be turned over to competent scholars in each field and will take many years to accomplish. Other fields of activity for this committee will consist in conferring with the architects and in outlining a budgetary policy whereby the initial overhead may be kept at a minimum so that more funds are made available for physical growth and for distinguished intellectual pursuits. Care of the collections, cleaning and restoration of works of art which have suffered from long years of inadequate attention, are matters, too, of the greatest urgency.

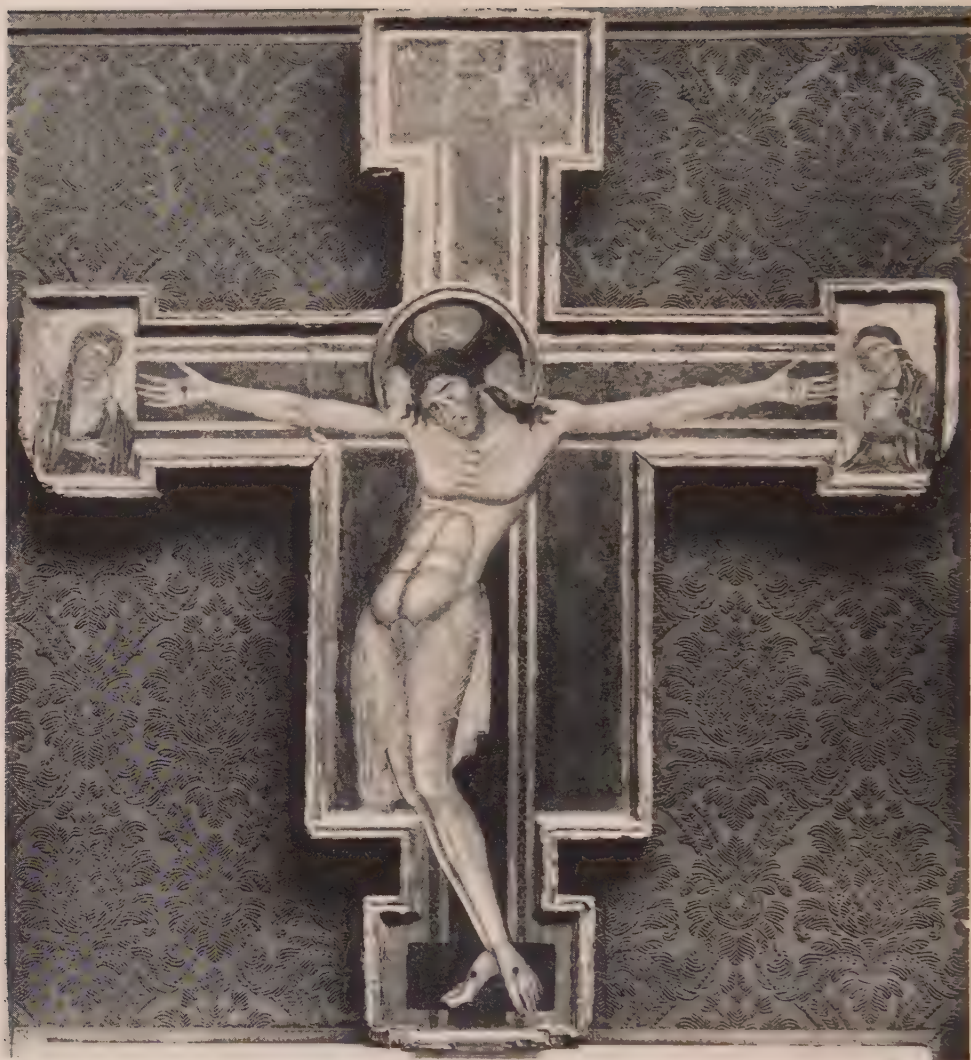
But more interesting than any other problem is that of studying the rôle which the Walters Art Gallery shall play in the community, how it may best serve the educational and social needs of Maryland. Baltimore is already noted for its institutions and its private collections. The Baltimore Museum of Art, working in close coöperation with the Maryland Institute, is not only rich in Oriental and modern Western art, but is the repository of one of the finest print collections of this country. To assimilate, therefore, the potential art forces of the City, and to weld into a common plan the educational possibilities of the Walters Art Gallery with those of already functioning institutions, is a problem which shall require much careful thought and friendly collaboration. Duplication of effort has been tolerated in the past when the American appetite for rugged individualism was at its peak. Today the tide has turned, and even in such simple questions as the interpretation of museum collections the taxpayer's voice must not go unheeded.

It is in the strictly academic field that the widest educational opportunity lies open. At present the only college courses in the history of art in Baltimore are offered by Goucher College. Certain graduate work at the Johns Hopkins University is available in the restricted fields of classical archæology. To Loyola College and the University of Maryland the establishment of adequate teaching facilities in the fine arts would probably be welcome. The Walters Art Gallery must never



STATUE OF ST. LEOPOLD IN SOFT WOOD,
SOUTH GERMAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY,
ASCIBED TO TILMAN REIMENSCHNEIDER,
OF WURTZBURG

THE WALTERS ART GALLERY,
BALTIMORE



CRUCIFIXION PANEL, FLORENTINE SCHOOL, CIRCA 1240-1301
THE WALTERS ART GALLERY, BALTIMORE

grow stale in the public mind; it is a challenge to Baltimore to become as distinguished in the humanities as it is in the medical sciences.

The visitor to the Walters Gallery inevitably wonders about the man who made it possible. For, since it was reported in the early 'eighties by the *Sun* that William T. Walters had "altogether two hundred and eighteen pieces of art," the task of having swelled that number to its present proportions is alone an achievement that rather humiliates those of us

who are employed to spend other people's money for public collections. But Henry Walters would not have been the phenomenon of the art world that he was had he made only a numerical contribution to the collections of America. His genius lay in seeking out quality, particularly in the branches of art that had not already aroused the fashionable voraciousness of our great plutocrats. Here was a connoisseur, a man of taste, and one who knew people well enough to take good advice.

"MACHINE-MADE"

By CATHERINE BAUER

THE Exhibition of Machine Art at the Museum of Modern Art in New York comes at an opportune time. "The Machine," while it was multiplying and producing and humming along more or less regularly, occupied only a very small and apologetic niche in the gallery of what was held to be culture.

The Machine was our butter-and-egg man. We were glad to accept sanitary bathrooms, cheap clothing, useful or amusing gadgets, automobiles, steel-frame construction. But when it came to the "higher" things of life we sought a more refined and snobbish atmosphere. We revived handicraft styles in architecture and interior decoration. We hid the "ugly" mechanism of radios and skyscrapers behind false fronts. True, our contempt for the machine was necessarily only a skin-deep gesture in most cases. Very few of us could afford the extravagance of real handicraftsmanship or individual tailoring, whether in houses or garments, and we had to be satisfied with "reproductions." Still fewer of us would have been willing to sacrifice plumbing or elevators or central heat to our expressed ideal of historic purity.

But today it is no longer so easy to ignore the works of the machine. It is necessary rather to begin to understand them. And the relation between machines and art, and between art and industrial design, is by no means an insignificant aspect of the question.

Exhibits of machine-made objects could be made from a hundred different points of view, and a hundred valid shows might result. That current at the Museum of Modern Art (and documented in their recently published book*) is, of course, only one of them.

The exhibition consists of a large variety of objects—machines, parts of machines, scientific apparatus, kitchen and laboratory equipment, furniture, china, metalware, bottles,

* *Machine Art*, by Philip Johnson, with a Foreword by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. 100 photographs together with prices. Published, 1934, by the Museum of Modern Art and W. W. Norton and Company, Inc., New York. Price, \$3.50.

woodenware—carefully selected and installed, not so much to demonstrate their efficiency of production or use, as for their visual aspect. As a piece of accomplished showmanship, the installation is one of Mr. Philip Johnson's best. The entrance hall, with its springs and propellers and huge ball bearing, is both dramatic in itself and an excellent introduction to the rest of the show. By looking at objects which are as nearly "pure engineering" as anything is, one immediately senses some of the positive qualities inherent in all good machine design, even under much less rigorous conditions: precision, clarity, dynamic balance of parts and the emphasis of simple materials rather than surface ornament or texture. And these many virtues help one to comprehend the limitations of design for factory-production. One would be shocked to see later a fake-marble rubber tile or a simulated Sheraton chair.

I have heard sculptors who resented the notion of putting a ball bearing on a pedestal; and engineers who sneered at exhibiting a section of spring without showing how it was used. The complete answer to the first, it seems to me, is that the ball bearing is quite definitely worth looking at. As for the second, all exhibitions are by nature artificial, and none of them can or should show everything. By isolating and giving dramatic point to those elements of aesthetic satisfaction which the machine itself can create (if it is assisted and not impeded by the designer), such a show as this performs a real service.

The argument as to whether a ball bearing is "art" or not is academic and can be answered with equal conclusiveness in half a dozen ways, depending on how one juggles metaphysical definitions. The beauty of objects whose form is almost completely determined by technological requirements may well be considered a by-product, just as the beauty of a cliff or a snail-shell is only incidental to its real nature and function. But this is no argument against the fullest visual appreciation of any of them.

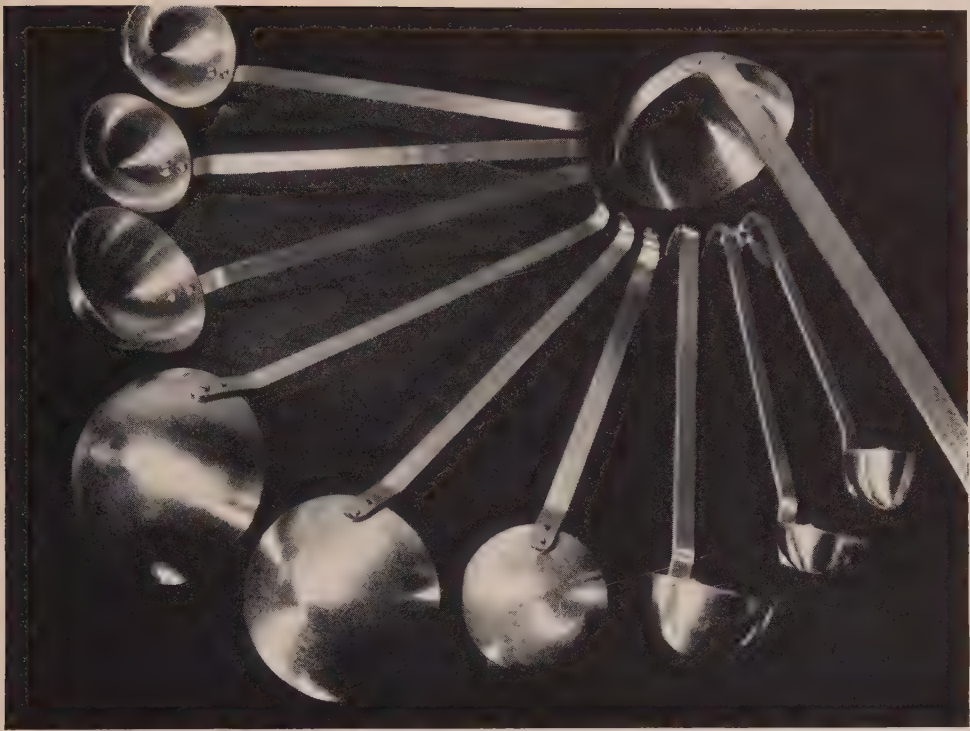


CRUSADER SAUCE POTS; LALANCE AND GROSJEAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY



EXHIBITED
AT THE MUSEUM
OF MODERN ART

SUGAR AND OIL
REFRACTOMETER
CARL ZEISS, INC.



CRUSADER LADLES; LALANCE AND GROSJEAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

EXHIBITED
AT THE MUSEUM
OF MODERN ART



OUTBOARD PROPELLER
ALUMINUM COMPANY
OF AMERICA

To accept the machine fully as one of the determining elements in our culture—as integral as our climate, our topography, or our natural resources—does not mean that painters must paint dynamos or sculptors employ machinal surfaces, that a modern chair has to be made of metal, or that there can be no more handicraft arts. But it does mean that when we choose to produce something by means of power machinery, we must have respect for the interior logic of the tool, the materials employed, and the function to be served.

Indeed, I should not make nearly as sharp a distinction between the aesthetic of machine design and that of the best handicraft work as Mr. Johnson does. In the introduction to his book he remarks that “in spirit machine art and handicraft are diametrically opposed. Handicraft implies irregularity, picturesqueness, decorative value, and uniqueness. . . . The machine implies precision, simplicity, smoothness, reproducibility.” But in many fields there is no sharp division between hand-made and machine-made: fairly complex and precise tools came in at an early stage, and the results were often quite as simple and direct and impersonal and uniform as the best modern machine product. Much of this tradition was spoiled by the advent of commercial “styling” in the middle of the nineteenth century, and our own connotations on the crafts are largely distorted by the late craze for the quaint and the picturesque, which let loose a vast amount of expensive and shoddy goods so “primitive” and “unique” that no well-brought-up savage would have had it around.

A recent Danish book* provides admirable photographs of some of the best traditional English objects, many of which would be quite at home in the Modern Museum’s exhibition. For myself, I have never witnessed a more dramatic proof of the underlying relation between geometry and the art of industrial design than in the long gallery of a French hardware store, where copper utensils of time-honored shape were hung around the walls, each in its graduated series. And after all, the quo-

tation from Plato, which introduces both the book and the exhibition here under review, was written before power-mass-production came in. (Quoted pages 155-156, March, 1934, issue.)

If the anonymous exhibits of chemical glassware and cooking utensils give one, on the whole, more satisfaction than those occasional ash-trays and vases and bowls which have designers’ names attached, that is probably due to an uneasy recollection that industrial designers are commonly called “stylists,” and are usually hired to turn out modish objects which can be replaced by even more modish objects next year. This is of course not their fault, and it should be granted that the general run of Things has, by and large, been somewhat improved in appearance since they got into the field.

Certainly the Industrial Arts Exposition recently opened in Rockefeller Center marks considerable advance over a similar show held at the Metropolitan Museum two years ago; the threat of complete reversion to Victorian tassels and mustard over-drapes has not, fortunately, been fulfilled.

The unavoidable impression is that if it had not been for repeal there would have been little industrial art in America this year, but Gilbert Rohde’s suite of children’s furniture, “the first group of nursery furniture commercially produced to meet the needs of the child rather than the sentimental appeal of adults,” is one of the best things in the show. Among the more painful exhibits are Walter Dorwin Teague’s modernist cameras and thermometers and barometers, for these are objects which the technicians used to take care of quite satisfactorily without benefit of stylism. The week-end pre-fabricated house, designed by Holden, McLaughlin and Associates for American Houses, and erected full-size within the exhibition hall, has walls made of asbestos cement and a complete pre-fabricated kitchen unit. The interiors, designed by Allen Gould for Lord and Taylor, are above the level of the exhibition as a whole. The fact that prices were not available for anything in this show makes it even more pressing to commend Mr. Johnson for including them, wherever possible, in his.

* *Britisk Brugkunst*, by Steen Eiler Rasmussen. Det Dansk Kunstindustrimuseum. Copenhagen, 1933. Illustrated.



NATHANIEL DIRK: GARMENTS OF SPRING (WATER COLOR)

Photographs of Dirk's water colors exhibited in the Municipal Exhibition not being available, this one, from the artist's one-man show at the Eighth Street Gallery, is substituted.

FIELD NOTES

FIRST MUNICIPAL ART EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

(To E. M. Benson we are indebted for the ensuing review of America's first municipal exhibition. If there is any lack of detailed mention it is because with their backs to the wall the editors have been forced to cut some specific passages. Blame should fall on these accustomed heads and not on Mr. Benson's.)

FOR a time it looked as if New York wouldn't have any Municipal Art Exhibition. The destruction of Diego Rivera's hotly disputed fresco mural in the RCA Building brought forth a roar of protest from John Sloan, spokesman for the "Independents." This threat of a split in the ranks of the exhibitors-to-be, if it had materialized, would have dealt a shattering blow at the show's solar plexus. Nothing would have been more welcome to the N.A.'s and the A.N.A.'s, the right-wing elements. For then, the party would be exclusively theirs. Fortunately, this

was prevented by the sudden capitulation of the majority of protestants. The show went on pretty much as its energetic organizers, Holger Cahill of the Museum of Modern Art and Mrs. Halpert of the Downtown Galleries, had planned it. Mayor La Guardia's official blessing left nothing to be desired.

To cement all the numerous warring artist-groups into one friendly family required the strategic intelligence of a ward leader combined with unusually good taste and sound aesthetic judgment. There in the spacious many-tiered Forum Galleries of Rockefeller Center the lions lay beside the lambs in apparent amity. It seemed hardly credible that paintings by John Marin and Arthur G. Dove could peaceably flank an oil by Harry W. Watrous, N.A., or that a Henri Burkhard be sandwiched between a W. Elmer Schofield, N.A., and a Fred Dana Marsh, N.A., but your eyes told you that it had been done, and with astonishing success. Whatever your own personal preferences may have been as you

walked through this "mile of art"—representing the work of two hundred and ninety painters, seventy-one sculptors, and fifty-one print makers—you would admit, if you could pocket your partisanship, that it was as fine an exhibition of American art as could possibly have been staged without netting the feelings of any one group.

Exhibitions of this kind have one serious drawback: the artists, wishing to stand out from their neighbors, contribute their largest subjects—big, bellowing canvases or over-life size sculptures that are almost invariably the least important subjects qualitatively. There is no reason why large paintings shouldn't be good ones, but the fact remains that they usually aren't. Joe Pollet's "Richard Wagner," a magniloquent but ineffectual genuflection before the great god Titian, Florine Stettin's witty but trivial "To the Memory of P. T. Barnum," "Puppet's Progress," an oil by Francis Criss, are a few of the many canvases that bark louder than they bite.

There are many others, large and small, that have good sharp teeth in their jaws. "Quarry Bathers" by Joseph De Martini, one of our best younger painters, was purchased on the opening day of the exhibition and replaced by his equally fine "Portrait of Luisi."

Nathaniel Dirk is another painter who is winning a splendid reputation for himself, and deservedly. As a water-colorist there are few artists in America, outside of Marin and Dove, who can make this fluid medium say so much. He can be delicate without being

nebulous. His gossamer trees may spread their dancing yellow blossoms against the sky, but they are firmly rooted in the soil.

Certainly America need not despair of building a firm artistic tradition as long as John Marin and Karl Knaths continue to paint water colors. The Marin water color, "Near Santa Fé, New Mexico," is one of the grandest pieces of structural color magic, not only in this show, but in the whole crowded chapter of contemporary art. The Knaths water color, "New England Landscape," is so simply done that one wonders how it can mean as much as it does. A few dabs of cold color on a large warm surface and the thing is everything that you can wish it to be. Knaths has also submitted a colored wood-cut of extraordinary beauty, "Deer on Chocorua," and an oil.

Fine pictures have also been contributed by O'Keeffe (the first O'Keeffe to be bought by the Metropolitan Museum), Hondius, Henry Mattson, Max Weber, Blume, Dove and Kuniyoshi.

The sculptures that attracted most public attention and comment in the press were not necessarily the best. Reuben Nakian's heroic "Babe Ruth" is an impressive piece of virtuosity but is too slavish a memorandum of the photographic fact to be satisfying as sculpture. What there is that is fine about William Zorach's large "Mother and Child"—such as, for example, the strongly chiselled head of the mother—is weakened by an insensitive correlation of planes and masses. The various arms and legs, each running off in a different direction, find no clear resolution anywhere. Although this confusion is less obvious when the sculpture is viewed from other than a purely frontal position, the total plastic effect is disappointing.

Size alone will never make sculpture monumental. There is more real monumentality of feeling in Harold Cash's dark bronze "Standing Nude," or Ahron Ben-Shmuel's "Head of a Pugilist" in black granite, than could be found in most of the over-life size figures on exhibition.

Interesting exhibits of their work were contributed by Duncan Ferguson, Flanagan, and Goodelman. Two delightfully fantastic animals by Carl Walters, master ceramicist, were also shown.

The most radical complaint that one could make is that the visiting public, having been suckled on bad chromo-lithographs and five-and-ten-cent-store plaster casts of Lincoln and Wagner, continued to turn instinctively to the



KARL KNATHS: DEER ON CHOCORUA
Colored Woodcut at the Municipal Exhibition,
Rockefeller Center

things they could understand and probably walked through the show without having enjoyed the really vital works of art. There is a cure for this, but its application does not rest with the individuals who put the "Municipal" across, but rather with the system which makes the perpetuation of this ignorance possible. The fact, however, that a municipally sponsored art exhibition can exist at all may mean that we are entering the dawn of a new relationship between the artist and the people. The proper social supervision can coax this small fire to a bright flame.

WAYLANDE GREGORY AT MONTCLAIR

THE first one-man show of ceramic sculpture to be held in the eastern states was that of the work of Waylande Gregory at the Montclair Art Museum, Montclair, New Jersey, during March. Many people consider Gregory to be the leading exponent of this art medium in America; certainly he has won wide acclaim in the press which has been backed up by a number of awards and museum purchases.

"This exhibition," says a statement from the Museum, "not only marks the achievement of a creative worker, but represents advanced research and development in a medium of sculptural expression that has been practically untouched by American artists.

"More than fifty pieces of sculpture in a wide range of ceramic media from porcelains, earthenware, majolica and stoneware to terra-cotta sculpture comprise the exhibition. Included are many well-known pieces, such as the 'Head of a Girl,' which was awarded first prize in the 1933 National Ceramic Exhibition at Syracuse (see page 305, June, 1933); 'Beaten Dog,' which won the first prize at a recent ceramic sculpture exhibition at the Cleveland Museum of Art and was subsequently purchased by the Museum; 'Nautch Dancer,' also in the Cleveland Museum's permanent collection; 'Horse and Dragon,' honorable mention award at the 1933 annual American show at the Art Institute of Chicago; and 'Pastorale,' in the permanent collection of the Cranbrook Foundation Museum of Art. . . ."

ALL-CALIFORNIA SHOW, LOS ANGELES

INVITATIONS to the All-California Art Exhibition to be held at the Biltmore Salon, Los Angeles, under the auspices of the Los Angeles Art Association, May fifteenth to



WAYLANDE GREGORY: SISTERS

Terra-Cotta Sculpture Included in the Artist's Exhibition at the Montclair Museum

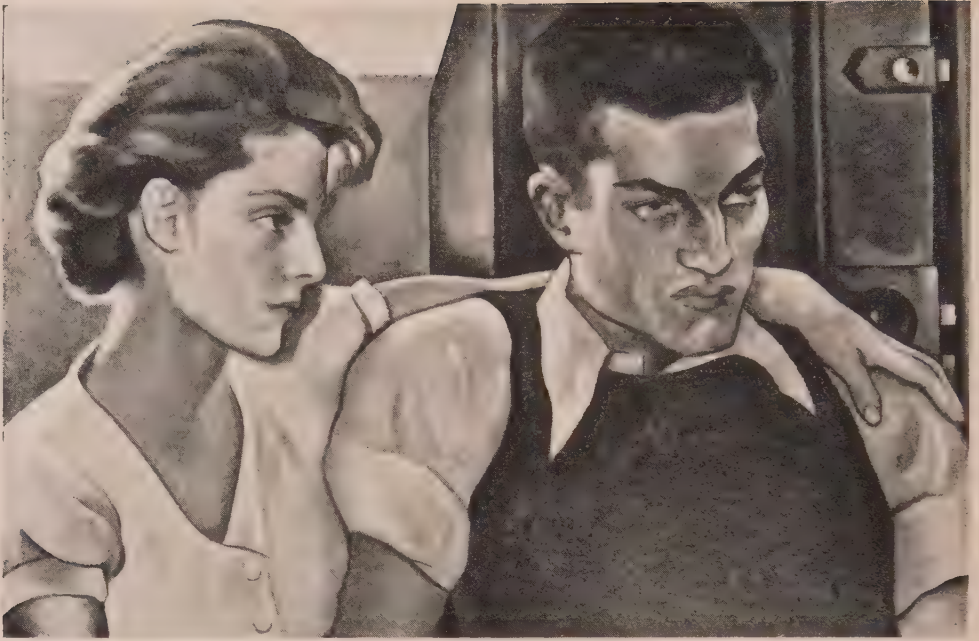
June fifteenth, were sent out late in March to all native or resident artists of California. Fourteen hundred dollars in prizes and a number of merit awards are offered. A thousand dollar purchase prize is set aside to buy the best picture from the show to form the nucleus of a California art collection in Los Angeles.

Each art center has provided a committee to select examples of the best work done in its territory to be sent to Los Angeles where between one hundred and one hundred and fifty pictures will be selected for the show.

WHITNEY MUSEUM AT VENICE

AT the invitation of the Administrative Committee of La Biennale di Venezia and through courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries, owners of the American Pavilion, the Whitney Museum of American Art is to represent the United States in the nineteenth International Biennial Art Exhibition, according to an announcement received from the Museum. Held in Venice, Italy, from May twelfth to October twelfth, the Biennial embraces the contemporary artistic production of all the leading countries in the world.

From its permanent collection the Whitney



Photograph Courtesy Midtown Galleries

MARY E. HUTCHINSON: TWO OF THEM

Recently Purchased by the High Museum of Art, Atlanta, Georgia

Museum is sending sixty-three oils, thirty water colors, and a group of etchings and drawings—all by living American artists. Many of the items included are familiar to the American public but none of them have been seen abroad. Many of the artists represented are comparatively unknown in Europe. In so far as possible without losing the representative character of the showing an especial effort has been made to select the works of artists who have not previously exhibited at Venice.

A special feature of the Biennial will be the International Exhibition of Portraits of the Nineteenth Century displayed in the central rooms of the large Italian Pavilion. American artists to be included therein are Saint-Gaudens, Whistler, Chase, Duveneck, Sargent and Eakins.

Mrs. Whitney, founder of the Museum, has not financed an American show at Venice since 1920.

ATLANTA MUSEUM BUYS LOCAL ARTIST'S WORK

THE High Museum of Art, Atlanta, Georgia, recently purchased an oil painting, "Two of Them," by Mary E. Hutchinson, who grew up in Atlanta. Commenting on her one-man show at the Midtown Galleries, New

York, in February, the *New York Times* said: "Pictures by Mary E. Hutchinson, chiefly portraits, have been easily identifiable in various group exhibitions in which they have appeared, one or two at a time, through several seasons. The current one-man show at the Midtown Galleries furthers the impression of a steadily developing individual talent. From her early training she carried into her painting a sculptural quality. A striking sense of design is implicit in her work. Subtler use of color is coming. Faces of the portrait subjects retain an almost morbidly brooding sensitiveness, as in Miss Hutchinson's first paintings; but her maturing talent has in other respects found expression less introspectively."

NEW WING FOR CINCINNATI MUSEUM

THE Cincinnati Art Museum is about to begin work on the construction of a new wing, according to an announcement just received. Its original building was constructed in 1881, and an addition was made in 1907. Five years ago the older buildings were completely renovated, the collections rearranged, and three additional wings opened under the direction of Walter H. Siple. The constantly increasing use of the Museum by the community

(nearly one hundred per cent since 1928), made essential the consideration of plans for enlarging and improving its present facilities.

By the terms of the will of Mrs. Frederick H. Alms, of Cincinnati, her estate was left in trust to Edward H. L. Haefner and Judge William H. Lueders, and one clause of the will stated that not less than \$250,000 should be devoted to the erection of a wing of the Cincinnati Art Museum, which in size and architecture should be in keeping with the other buildings. The new wing would house the collection of Mrs. Alms and her husband, which would be known as the "Frederick H. Alms and Eleanor C. Alms Collection." The accumulated income from the estate now makes possible the carrying out of this provision of Mrs. Alms' will, and the trustees of the estate have for some time actively engaged in preparatory conferences with Mr. Siple, Director of the Museum, and with the Committee of Building and Grounds of the Museum Association. The Cincinnati architectural firm of Rendigs, Panzer and Martin has been appointed by the trustees of the estate to take charge of the planning and construction of the new wing.

Mrs. Alms' generosity is warmly appreciated by the trustees and staff of the Museum as well as the community at large.

A HIGH SCHOOL ART PROJECT, SPRINGVILLE, UTAH

SOME twenty years ago John Hafen, a painter who lived in Springville, gave one of his own pictures to the students in the High School with the remark that it might serve as the nucleus for a collection. Fortunately there are some people in the country who are responsive enough to act upon a good suggestion. That is what the student body has done and the collection has grown until, as we go to press, there are one hundred and forty works in the collection. This year's exhibition in April will be the occasion of further enlargement of the collection.

One of the main attractions to artists from all Utah, and even the whole country, has been the purchase prize which has been given (with an interruption from 1915 to 1921), to insure the growth of the collection. When it was resumed it was as a student activity for which pupils bore entire financial responsibility. The Springville Art Association was incorporated in 1925.

By this time the annual exhibition has come to be a real attraction to many artists. But

pictures are taken only on invitation. The exhibition is "usually conservative—all extremes being barred," according to a descriptive folder. Commenting on the exhibit in a recent communication the Curator of the Association said: "We *do not* hang the *mediocre*, yet we are a little town out in the *sage brush*."

NEW DECORATIVE MATERIALS, NEWARK MUSEUM

AS the subject of the twentieth industrial exhibit which it has presented since it launched the first showing of German Applied Arts in this country in 1912, the Newark Museum has selected the recent achievements of industrial chemistry. The selection is doubly appropriate because the manufacture of chemicals comprises the largest industry of New Jersey and because of the many new chemical creations which are now so dramatically supplanting the familiar materials of every day life.

In the decorative fields there is a wealth of these new materials—plastics, new metals, synthetic textiles. The Museum has sought to dramatize the new effects their use makes possible. To this end the Museum has been fortunate in securing the coöperation of Paul T. Frankl, the New York designer and decorator, who undertook to execute for the exhibition a room which should not only employ these new materials in so far as they offered more interesting effects than the old, but should also summarize the important changes in design which these materials may be expected to bring about in the houses of the future.

Now as in the past a thorough knowledge of materials is one of the designer's chief needs. Industrial chemistry is steadily contributing new materials each particularly fitted for some special use. This complicates the designer's task but at the same time gives him many new opportunities as the room by Frankl at the Newark Museum amply indicates.

MUSIC FESTIVALS

THE music festival season has begun to descend upon us," Harrison Kerr writes us, "and it is bringing with it the usual festival repertory. Of this repertory, ultrafamiliar and ultraconservative as it is, there is nothing left to say. Let me hasten to add that I do not consider it reprehensible to perform these well-known works, especially when—as in the case of the Bethlehem Bach Festival and the more recently inaugurated annual performance in New York City, of the Bach *B Minor Mass*—the more profound masterpieces are presented.

However, these performances verge more on religious than artistic rites and escape the futility of the ordinary festival with its point-less repetition of lesser and obviously dated works.

"So few festivals take any cognizance of contemporary expression, that it affords relief to turn to the programs of the Roth Quartet, now [April second] being presented in New York City under the title of Contemporary Chamber Music Festival. This is a series of concerts primarily devoted to the works of living composers. Each program has contained one American work and two European works. During March the third and fourth programs were given at Steinway Concert Hall. The Arthur Honneger *Quartet* (1920) opened the first of this pair of concerts. The first movement of this work is vigorous and original but the second and third are inferior and derivative. Aaron Copland's *Quartet* (1927) followed and disclosed, in the first of two movements, a *Lento Molto* of unusual expressiveness and significance. The other movement, *Rondino*, was not so entirely happy in conception and occasionally failed to 'come off' in performance. Nevertheless, the work as a whole is of high merit. The program closed with the *Quartet, Opus 13, No. 2* of Leo Weiner. This composition won the Coolidge Festival prize some years ago and, on rehearing, turned out to be typical prize music. It is somewhat post-Wagnerian in conception, brilliant but uneven and, in spite of a touch of the modernism of Bartok here and there, it smacks more than a little of Dvorak. The latter remark is true to a lesser degree of the Bartok *Quartet Opus 7* which opened the second program. In spite of an eloquent introductory *Lento*, and excellent thematic material throughout, repeated hearings confirm the impression that the work is frequently dull. It is prolix where it should be terse and rhapsodic where it had much better have been disciplined.

"The *Quartet in C* (1933) of Walter Piston, previously commented on in these columns, followed the Bartok work and offered an unusual opportunity for comparison. Perhaps the latter piece does not aim as high as the former, but unquestionably it is much more successfully realized, better disciplined, and more truly contemporary in feeling.

"The well-known Debussy *Quartet* closed the program. This was effectively played but with somewhat more spirit than subtlety. All of the various compositions were of considerable difficulty and, except in an occasional

passage where the going seemed heavy, were admirably performed and interpreted. The organization should be heartily congratulated for having the courage to launch a series for which the reward must lie mostly in the doing."

FROM LANDSCAPES TO APRONS, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

LANDSCAPES and aprons are among the many things at the Metropolitan Museum to be talked of this month. On the fifteenth of May the annual summer special exhibition opens—a collection illustrating the development of European landscape painting, not from its very beginning, but from the point when landscape assumes the preponderant interest in pictures or at least an interest equal to that of the figures. Both European and American landscape painting will be drawn upon up to the beginning of the present century. The pictures will be largely from the Museum collection, supplemented by loans so that the story may be told as completely as possible. The landscapes will occupy the Gallery of Special Exhibitions through September thirtieth.

A second opening in May is a special loan exhibition of lace and embroidered aprons of the sixteenth to eighteenth century. The elegant variations of this humble accessory should furnish interesting food for sociological as well as aesthetic speculation. The aprons will be in Gallery H 19 through September twenty-third.

Equally far from the beaten track, in a very different direction, is the third exhibition to open at the Metropolitan in May. This is a collection of publications on art, architecture, archaeology, and science issued by the Government and National Museums and Galleries of Great Britain, to be shown in Classroom B from May sixteenth through June fifteenth. The publications, assembled by the Government Printing Office and lent through the British Reference Library, embrace books, pamphlets, reports, maps, color prints, postcards, posters, photographs and casts. The collection should be of especial interest not only to museums and libraries, but to those engaged in research, as it affords a convenient survey of the ways in which leading museums present various types of material.

The Metropolitan's Print Department announces that the standing historical exhibition of masterpieces, shown in the largest of the print galleries, has again been remade with a



KUAN YIN,
CHINESE,
YÜAN
DYNASTY

This Chinese wood sculpture is a recent accession of the Metropolitan Museum. It dates, according to the inscription on the inside of the upper of two small blocks in the back of the figure sealing the hollow, from 1282. The earliest dated wood figure yet found (only four in all are known), it is of great importance.



AUDREY BULLER: FROM THE SEA

Included in the No-Jury Exhibition,
Rockefeller Center

completely new selection of prints. The exhibition illustrates the history of the printed picture from the first half of the fifteenth century to the end of the nineteenth with typical specimens of the more important kinds of work done during that period. In the main, the labels are restricted to information but, says William M. Ivins, Jr., Curator of Prints, some contain expressions of opinion which may not be generally accepted. The latter have been written in the faith that there can be no new artistic experience without conflict of idea and in the knowledge that nothing excites interest so much as difference of opinion. In art, as in other matters, friendly discussion is essential to sound ideas, and agreement is the worst enemy of conversation. . . ."

NO-JURY SHOW— ROCKEFELLER CENTER

AN orderly discussion, if such a thing were possible, of the world's largest independent, juryless exhibition is impossible in this issue even if the deadline were stretched for

several days. Incidentally it may not be the largest in the world but it is four times larger than the huge Municipal show which has just closed. That makes it about five times too big for possible enjoyment, unless, indeed, the exhibition itself be considered as an art form and the art shrink to unnoticeable importance as the forlorn critic rattles by on roller skates.

The publicity department of the No-Jury show is functioning with real efficiency. They have been good enough to send us in advance six photographs of the following works: Channing Hare's portrait of Alexander Woolcott; Ernest Fiene's "Waterfront, Manhattan, 1931"; Robert Brackman's "Loretta"; Blendon Reed Campbell's "Covered Bridge, Windsor, Vermont" and "Auction in New Hampshire"; and Audrey Buller's "From the Sea." The last named picture is a delightful study in sea food and neo-classicism which shows that humor and art can abide peacefully within one frame.

PAINTING OF THE MONTH, NEW YORK

THERE are a number of print clubs that distribute wood cuts, etchings, lithographs, etc., to their members. One of them is called the print-a-month club; others go by a variety of names. There are also several lending libraries of pictures which sell as well as lend. In New York the newest development has occurred this season under the auspices of Contemporary Arts, an association for the introduction of new artists in every field. This plan, known as the painting of the month club, combines the print club idea with the dispersal of oil paintings, one a month.

Writing to us of the plan, Emily A. Francis, President of Contemporary Arts, says: "The aim of the organizers of this new art activity is not only to help the artist over this time of financial stress, but to work constructively toward the building up of buyers for the future by inculcating the desire to own good contemporary American paintings. . . ."

Briefly the plan works as follows: about fifteen painters are asked to submit, to the jury of the month, pictures for which they will be happy to accept a stated sum. The jury is made up of a well-known painter, to assure the public of the value of painting as painting, a well-known decorator, to vouch for the suitability of the picture as a decoration for the average home, and a representative of Contemporary Arts, to guard against any possibility of log rolling. After being selected the painting is put on display in a prominent

hotel where a reception and musicale is arranged. Club memberships at one dollar each admit the holder to the event. The guest of honor, some person notable in one of the arts, designates by drawing the member who will own the painting. The proceeds up to the price agreed upon go to the artist.

Works selected have been: Iskantor's "Dogwood," Elliott Orr's "Bouquet," Bernadine Custer's "Trees," and Martha Simpson's "Sunlit Window." The April selection had not been made before going to press.

Fuller information may be obtained from Contemporary Arts, 41 West 54th Street, New York City.

SEURAT FOR SMITH COLLEGE MUSEUM

LAATEST of the steady stream of important accessions to the Smith College Museum of Art is a rare and lovely little painting by Georges Seurat, according to a statement received from Northampton. The sketch, which was formerly in the collection of Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan of New York, is in oil on a wooden panel. Seurat painted the "Woman with a Monkey" in 1884 as one of his preliminary studies for the right-hand group of "Sunday on the Grande Jatte" in the collection of the Art Institute of Chicago.

"Although small in scale," the statement continues, "the Smith College sketch is monumental in its dignity. A comparison with preceding studies for the same figure shows this one already far removed from the sphere of accident. The proportions of the figure have been modified, meaningless drapery folds smoothed out, and the lines of skirt front and tree trunks straightened out and emphasized. Their resulting verticals provide sharp opposition to those of shadows on the grass. Contrasting areas of sunlight and shadow have been carefully ordered and a classic discipline and restraint imposed upon every line and value. . . .

"In its looser brushwork the 'Woman with a Monkey' approaches the large study for the 'Grande Jatte' in the Adolph Lewisohn Collection in New York more closely than it does the pointillistic technique of the Chicago painting. The forms in the Smith College sketch are powerful plastic elements, however, and the ordered disposition of lines, colors, and masses is already far advanced toward the complete control which Seurat was to achieve within the next few years. The painting formed a part of the first loan exhibition in 1929 or-



GEORGES SEURAT: WOMAN WITH A MONKEY

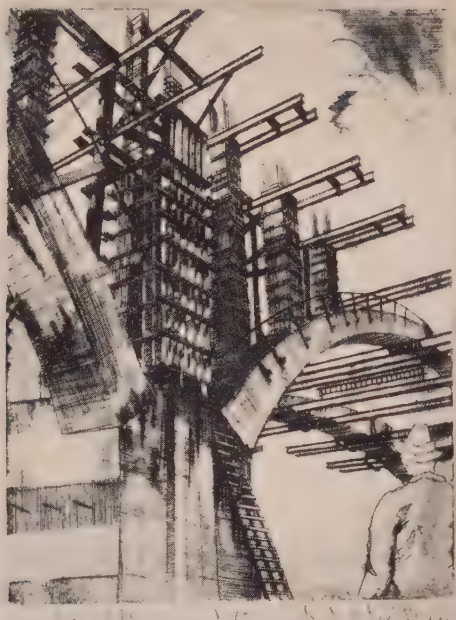
A recent accession to the Smith College Museum of Art

ganized by the Museum of Modern Art and has been exhibited more recently at the opening of the new Museum of Fine Arts at Springfield, Massachusetts."

"AN ARRANGEMENT IN GRAY AND BLACK" RETURNS TO THE LOUVRE

THE Museum of Modern Art, New York, which has managed the recent American tour of "An Arrangement in Gray and Black," known to most of us as "Whistler's Mother," announces that this famous picture must soon reëmbark for France to serve as star at a centenary celebration of the artist's birth in Paris this June. No one picture now in the country has been seen by so many people and loved by so many.

Further evidence of the picture's value as news appeared in the Washington *Evening Star* on March fifth on the front page among other late tid-bits: "The Mother's day stamp to be issued about May first, will depict J. A.



J. J. MATTERN: LOOKING UP

Loaned to the Virginia Annual by the local PWAP

McNeil Whistler's celebrated portrait of his mother, Postmaster General Farley announced late today. President Roosevelt is credited with the suggestion. Whistler once was a resident of Washington."

A week or two later on the art page of *Time* the report was repeated with the remark that there was some question as to whether or not the famous mother should or should not hold carnations in her lap. The florists have been at work.

IMPORTANT GOYA SHOW AT KNOEDLER'S

THE first exhibition of paintings of Francisco Goya to be held in the United States was hung last month in the galleries of M. Knoedler & Co., New York. Thirteen of the twenty-one pictures were borrowed from exclusive private collections not often open to the public. Aside from the obvious artistic importance of the show it was significant to many visitors because it abolished two established misconceptions about Spain and Spaniards—that they are sombre and that they are "romantic." The portrait of Pepito Costa y Bonello is, we know, an all too meagre sampling of what the exhibition offered. Space forbade more illustrations.

VIRGINIA ANNUAL, RICHMOND

AUGMENTED by more than thirty works performed under the Virginia division of the Public Works of Art Project, as G. Watson James, Jr., has been good enough to write us, the Third Annual Exhibition of Virginia Artists opened on March twenty-second in the renovated galleries of the Richmond Academy of Arts. A jury composed of Duncan Phillips, Director of the Phillips Memorial Gallery, and C. Powell Minnegerode, Director of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, selected one hundred oils, prints and sculptures out of the four hundred works submitted.

The Annual this year, Mr. James continues, is stimulating in more than one respect. With splendid judgment the jury appears to have searched for the unknown talents, as witness their selection of Eleanor Burruss' "Going Down de Road"; the very sincere and wistful head by Wray Bernicchi; Jane Mead's charming little "Winter"; and what is one of the highlights of the show, "Ripe Apples," by Glenna M. Latimer.

In the water color section Louis W. Ballou dominated the twenty exhibits with R. M. Allyn and J. Pope Jones as close seconds. Among the drawings, Theodore B. White's "Virginia Farm" is a fine example of power and simplicity in the treatment of snow. No wonder it was sold before the show was an hour old.

With an engaging grasp of the humor of his race, Leslie Bolling, the Negro wood sculptor, continues to progress toward greater heights. In his offerings to the present show, "Aunt Monday" and "Sister Tuesday," he portrays a mammy wrestling with the white folks' wash. In "Sister Tuesday" there is an able mastery of texture in the limpness of a half ironed shirt.

The thirty works exhibited by permission of the Public Works of Art Project serve again to focus attention on a brilliant trio of young Virginians: Carson Davenport, J. J. Mattern and Elizabeth Nottingham. Miss Nottingham senses the Virginia small town and farm atmosphere with nothing short of genius. In contrast are the powerful figure studies of Carson S. Davenport, who appears equally facile in any medium. For delicacy of line and splendid grasp of the romantic side of engineering we find few young artists in the state who can approach Mr. Mattern.

* * *



FRANCISCO GOYA: PEPITO COSTA Y BONELLO

Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Williams to the Loan Exhibition of Paintings by Goya, held last month in the Galleries of M. Knoedler & Company, New York.

This is as good a place as any to announce the beginning of a new venture in which Mr. James is to play an important part, the Mid-Vermont Art Club. This is situated at Brandon, Vermont, in country ideally suited to the activities of a summer art colony. Other directors of the Art Club are Raymond S. Pease, formerly of the Yale School of Fine Arts, Edward Walker, a Vermont landscape painter and formerly art director of a New York advertising agency. Mr. James, as many readers know, has been art director of the Keewaydin Camps for the past four years. He continues in this capacity this summer.

Decision to form the colony was made last summer after numerous requests from summer residents along Lake Dunmore, in Brandon and Middlebury. The City of Brandon has donated a large studio for classes and exhibitions.

WESTERN NEW YORK ARTISTS SHOW AT BUFFALO

FOR the first time since the opening of the present art gallery building twenty-nine years ago," Walter Gordon, of the Albright Art Gallery, writes us, "a comprehensive showing of paintings, drawings, prints, and sculpture by artists of Buffalo and Western New York is being held entirely under the auspices of the Albright Art Gallery of Buffalo. This year, for the first time, entries were invited from all artists of the region irrespective of their membership in local art groups. The jury of selection was made up of individuals from outside Buffalo. These were: an artist, Henry G. Keller, of Cleveland; a museum director, Mrs. Gertrude Herdle Moore, of the Memorial Art Gallery in Rochester; and a layman, Mr. Albert Robson, vice-president of the Art Gallery of Toronto. A special effort was made to attract new artists, and to hold an exhibition truly representative of the calibre of the art of the region. Of the three hundred and two works submitted, one hundred and forty-seven pictures and twenty-one pieces of sculpture were selected for this show. It filled the entire south wing of the Gallery, and remained on view until April first.

"Charles Burchfield, a Western New Yorker, is much admired in Buffalo, and his style apparently had a strong influence on several of the contributors. For example, Francis Valentine's water color 'Night Shadows,' one of the most popular pictures in the show, depicts a ramshackle country store, romantically enveloped in a deep blue haze. . . .

"One of the most interesting exhibits in the show is a mural sketch entitled 'Railroads,' by Ion Paleologue, a young artist new to Buffalo. This is a composition of working Negroes, whips, hands, etc., held together by dominant, strong diagonal lines of the rails. . . .

"Anthony Sisti, Dr. William Hekking, and Louisa Robins, all of whom had work in this show, were three of the five artists who represented Buffalo in the Museum of Modern Art's 'Sixteen Cities' show.

"Anna Glenney was the Buffalo sculptress in that exhibition. Her 'Head of a Girl,' in the Western New York exhibit, is very sensitively and subtly modelled and is one of the finest pieces in an excellent sculpture section. William Ehrich contributed a limestone group of three heads called 'Destiny,' very sculptural, superbly expressive of a personal and apparently deeply felt conception of fate—accomplished by means of the tilted faces and the simple treatment of a few significant planes. . . .

"No awards were made or prizes given to any of the exhibitors in this show. However, 'Snowbound Trail,' by George Albach, was chosen from this exhibition by the directors of the local Y. M. C. A. as a trophy to be given to the branch most successful in obtaining new members in a campaign being conducted concurrently with the exhibit."

GUGGENHEIM FELLOWSHIPS IN THE ARTS

ANNOUNCEMENT of the names of the creative workers who received this year's Guggenheim Fellowships arrived too late, unfortunately, for inclusion in our April issue. This year six artists (*i. e.* painters, sculptors and graphic artists), nine writers, two composers, and two workers in the arts of the theatre comprise the number whose good fortune will be of greatest interest to readers of this section.

The artists are: Peggy Bacon, New York; Frank Mechau, Denver; Francis Criss, New York; Rosella Hartman, Woodstock, New York; Maurice Glickman, New York, and Howard Cook, Springfield, Massachusetts. The composers: William Grant Still and Douglas Moore. The writers: Conrad Aiken (former Pulitzer Prize winner); Kay Boyle; Albert Halper; Alexander Laing; George Milburn; Isidor Schneider; and Leonard Ehrlich and Younghill Kang, both renewals. The workers in art of the theatre: Angna Enters and Charles Norris Houghton.

NEW BOOKS ON ART

A History of American Graphic Humour (Volume I, 1747-1865)

By William Murrell. Whitney Museum of American Art, Publishers. Price, \$5.00.

THOUGH working in a limited field of Americana, with material that is by nature scarce, difficult of attribution, and generally more rewarding to the historian than the art critic, William Murrell has produced a first *History of American Graphic Humour* which helps to round out the definition of an American tradition and is a worthy addition to the list of publications of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

The popular arts of cartoon, caricature, and humorous drawing which comprise the scope of this volume are instructive asides in which one sometimes finds more earnestness and contemporary flavor than in the formal arts of the time whose development they parallel and reflect with interesting distortion.

Mr. Murrell makes the most of his subject in a text which reads easily and at the same time is solidly enough filled with facts to be valuable as a reference. The text closely follows the plates, here easily explaining the relationship of Brother Jonathan to Uncle Sam or there clarifying an obscure political event. The artistic merit of the prints is always appraised with an unforced sense of values.

The numerous plates clearly reproduce many rare and many well chosen familiar prints. The engravings of the earlier sections have, to be sure, little intrinsic aesthetic or humorous merit. They reveal few personalities and no hitherto unnoticed Nasts. In a crudely conventional style these early satirists relied more on the overworked cartouche and obscure allegory than on drawing to express their often bitter points. But documentary interest and naïve appeal compensate for the inarticulateness of the period.

With the Jacksonian era and the spread of lithography a new vitality in technique and subject-matter brings the prints closer to the category of present-day graphic humor. Personalities working in styles adequate to their purpose, and more diverse subject-matter, make the history of these prints up through the Civil War a more engrossing study.

It is interesting, however, that so few of the drawings still carry their original conviction

today. One looks forward to the second volume in which Mr. Murrell, with the opportunity to select from a greater mass of material most of which is less remote from the humor of the 1920's and 1930's, will have broader scope for the play of his critical judgment.

INSLEE A. HOPPER

Art and People

By Lockie Parker. The John Day Company, Publishers. Price, \$1.75.

THIS book is aimed at the layman, the man in the street, or whatever you may choose to call the person who does not count art among his dominant interests. The title gives the key to Miss Parker's attitude: she did not call her book *Art and the People*. She does not talk down. Consequently this very human document, which so naturally avoids the high-flown fervor of many art "missionaries," will win friends for art and artists rather than a few more dewy-eyed devotees.

Her first chapter, "Art and Science," clears the way for the rest of the book. She comments on the present outcome of scientific determinism, that respectable and dominant side of nineteenth century thinking, which seems responsible for so much of the despair we all sense about us. It still colors our mental environment. But now other possibilities are becoming apparent and other needs are being felt. Most important of them is a need for an inner adjustment between man and his dizzying universe, his environment. This renewed awareness, Miss Parker writes, "is grounded on a faith that art can enliven and ennoble our lives and even—though art offers no dogmas—fill up some part of the vacancy left by the illusions lost in this age of transition."

Well, if art is the answer, or part of the answer, what shall we do to find our individual approaches, the ways in which it can be put to use for us? All this may seem very crude, to say that art can be put to use. But art has its uses, very decidedly, in common things as well as in rare ones. Perhaps the latter are even more important—the things that cannot be proven or really intelligibly argued about. It may even be that art is the common element that joins the duality of life, inner and outer, earth and sky, form and spirit, in a momentary union. Such glimpses of unity are not always reserved for the "fine" arts.

These are great speculations and their answers are suggested in the other chapters of this book: the Uses of Art, the Fine Arts in America, Art and the Machine Age, Theories of Aesthetics, the Artist, and Self Expression Through Art Forms for the Layman. Here many ticklish problems are reduced to understandable terms. But the book never implies that their solving is easy, although it does indicate that their solution is worth more than a passive effort. The way the book is written is a good indication that explorations in these regions can be delightful, however arduous they may be for many of us.

For those with an adventurous bent the fine bibliography at the end of the volume will disclose even more realms to conquer.

F. A. W., JR.

Brief Mention

STUDIO Publications' garden annual for 1934 (*Gardens and Gardening*, paper \$3.50, cloth \$4.50) appears in a fine green cover that makes spring even more insistently desired. It hardly seems possible as we go to press that spring will ever come this year. Yet this book deals with many more aspects of gardening than digging. Pictures of gardens on three continents and one celebrated island, articles by British and American authorities on wild shrubs, dwarf trees, the "sunk garden," biennials, "The Greenhouse and Its Uses," and "The Ornamental Value of Fruit" combine to make the book attractively useful.

One of the most unexpected emanations from the first session of the Century of Progress Exposition is a biography of Abraham Lincoln in the form of thirty-six woodcuts by Charles Turzak. Mr. Turzak did the work at the Lincoln Village at the Fair. Perhaps he caught something of the attitude of the millions of visitors toward the greatest American martyr. At any rate the woodcuts have sincerity and a starkly moving quality due as much to the artist's feeling as to the eminent suitability of the medium. The edition of the book is limited to fifteen hundred copies and may be ordered through Mr. Turzak, 21 East Bellevue Place, Chicago. (\$3.50.)

The Oxford University Press, New York, has recently issued *Archaeological Tours from Mexico City*, a guide to the principal archaeological sites of pre-Spanish civilizations of Mexico that can conveniently be visited from the capital. It was prepared by R. H. K. Marett, Fellow of the Royal Anthropological Institute, and has a Foreword by T. A. Joyce,

O.B.E. It sells for one dollar. To the increasingly large number of people who travel in Mexico and do not have opportunity to go far from the capital this book of about a hundred and twenty pages will prove valuable.

Historic House Museums, by Laurence Vail Coleman, Director of the American Association of Museums, has recently been published by the Association (\$2.50). Part One deals with the origins of such museums, Part Two with methods of running them, varying greatly between East and West, North and South, and town and country. The third part considers future prospects for small museums and points out the likely result of a continuing motorization. Appendix A lists and briefly characterizes four hundred historic house museums in all parts of the country. Here is gathered material that, augmented by specific addresses, road maps, and other practical information, would serve as an invaluable guide to interested travelers. Most writers would have made dull reading of this material; Mr. Coleman has made it always clear and sometimes charming.

Books Received

- Abraham Lincoln, A Biography in Woodcuts*, by Charles Turzak. Chicago, Published by the Author. Price, \$3.50.
British Painting, by C. H. Collins Baker. Boston, Hale Cushman, and Flint. Price, \$10.00.
Children's Drawings of the Human Figure, by Helen Ann Zesbaugh. Chicago, The University of Chicago Press. Price, \$1.25.
Decorative Art, 1934. Edited by C. G. Holme. The Studio Year Book. New York, Studio Publications, Inc. Price, cloth, \$4.50; wrappers, \$3.50.
English Needlework, by A. F. Kendrick. New York, The Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.50.
English Pottery and Porcelain, by W. B. Honey. New York, The Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.50.
English Water-Colours, by Laurence Binyon. New York, The Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.50.
How to Look at Buildings, by Darcy Braddell. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$2.00.
Nijinsky, by Romola Nijinsky. New York, Simon & Schuster. Price, \$3.75.
Russian Mediaeval Architecture, by David Roden Buxton. New York, The Macmillan Company. Cambridge, The Cambridge University Press. Price, \$7.00.

BOOKS

Members of the Federation may secure most books at a discount of 10%, cash with order. Write

BOOK SALES SERVICE

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS
 805 Barr Building Washington, D. C.

"YOU'RE CONNECTED!"

SMILING, the installer takes his leave. He's been courteous, careful, quick. He knew just where the telephone should go. How to place it so that nothing should be marred. And now — "You're connected!"

A few days ago, having a telephone in this house was only an idea. Now it is a reality. Tonight Mother can visit with her friends, talk to relatives miles away, call the doctor should he be needed.

A new neighbor has been linked with the millions of other telephone equipped homes that make America one neighborhood. Another household has discovered the security and convenience brought by the Bell System's unified service of communication.

Those who already have telephone service can save many steps each day by having extensions placed in those rooms most frequently used. Greater convenience, greater privacy, at small extra cost. Call the Business Office of your Bell Telephone Company.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

a **NEW DEAL**
for artists!

Introducing

MALFA

a remarkably good oil color
for a remarkably small price

We brought out MALFA colors to meet artists' price ability during depression times. MALFA will also meet your ideas as to Quality—its purity, brilliance and permanency have found favor quickly.

As artists' colormen with 80 years' experience, we recommend MALFA with confidence. Try it and see for yourself!

Available in a palette of 45 colors and black and white, ranging in price from 25 cents to 60 cents per studio size tube.

AGENTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Ask for Weber Artist Colors when you are in need of Oil, Water, Tempera or Pastel. Also Prepared Canvases, Oils, Varnishes, Vehicles. Fine Artist brushes. Etchers' Inks, Papers, Presses and Tools. Supplies for Modelers and Sculptors.

F.
WEBER
COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA

ST. LOUIS, MO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Since 1853 MAKERS OF FINE
ARTIST AND DRAWING MATERIALS

CORRECTION

In the April issue the photograph of the Western Springs School on page 185 and that of the Lake George High School on page 187 should have been credited to the *Architectural Forum*, by whose courtesy they were reproduced.

New York Galleries

An American Group, Barbizon Plaza Hotel. Exhibition of Watercolors by Hobson Pittman, May 1 to 5; Group Exhibition of Paintings, May 7 to 26.

Arden Gallery, 460 Park Ave. Garden Sculpture by Wheeler Williams, May 1 to 7.

Argent Gallery, 42 W. 57th St. Summer Exhibition by Members of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, May 1 to 30.

Blue Bowl, 157 E. 48th St. Paintings and Etchings by Harry Shokler, May 1 to 26.

Frans Buffa, 58 W. 57th St. Group Exhibition, May 1 to 31.

Carnegie Hall Art Gallery, 57th St. Group Exhibition by Artists of Carnegie Hall, Inc., May 1 to 31.

Caz-Delbo Art Galleries, Rockefeller Center. American and French Modern Painters, May 1 to 31.

Leonard Clayton Gallery, 108 E. 57th St. Drawings by Augustus Vincent Tack, May 1 to 16.

Contemporary Arts Gallery, 41 W. 54th St. Paintings by Jon Corbino, May 1 to 12; Group Exhibition of Boston Society of Independent Artists, May 14 to 31.

Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13th St. Recent Paintings by Stuart Davis, May 1 to 12.

Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St. Paintings, 19th and 20th Century French, May 1 to 31.

Eighth Street Gallery, 61 W. 8th St. Second Anniversary Group Show of Contemporary Paintings and Sculpture, May 1 to 12; Group Show of Prints and Drawings, May 14 to 30.

Grand Central Galleries, 5th Ave. Branch. Portraits by Kyohei Inukai, May 7 to 26.

Grand Central Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave. Prix de Rome, May 1 to 5; 1934 Founders' Show, May 21 to 31.

Walter M. Grant Gallery, 9 E. 57th St. 50 Best Prints of 1933, May 1 to 19.

Jacob Hirsch, 30 W. 54th St. Antiquities and Numismatics, May 1 to 31.

Kennedy Galleries, 785 Fifth Ave. Fine Old English Sporting Prints, May 1 to 31.

Kleemann-Thorman Galleries, 38 E. 57th St. Paintings by Americans.

(Continued on page 288)

First Time Available in America

David Cox
Drawing.

The Famous English Water Color Paper

EUROPEAN painters know David Cox papers as the finest sheets for working in water color. Many American painters, too, have used and proclaimed it as having no equal anywhere . . . but until we secured the American sales rights it could not be bought in this country.

ELLIOTT'S NOW OFFER

First Time in America

THIS FAMOUS WATER COLOR PAPER

David Cox papers are specially manufactured for water color painting from pure rag fibre entirely free from wood pulp or injurious chemicals. Every sheet is stamped **David Cox** . . . none genuine without it.

This beautiful paper is available in all five shades . . . White . . . Light . . . Dark . . . Blue . . . and Buff. There are two weights—THICK (110 pounds)—in Rough . . . Not . . . H.P. . . . Canvas . . . and S.H.M. finishes and DOUBLE THICK (220 pounds)—in Rough . . . Not and H.P. finishes. Sheets are Imperial, size, $22\frac{1}{2} \times 30\frac{1}{2}$, with a deckle edge all around.

Ask your local Artist Material dealer for a free sample book of David Cox papers. If he cannot give you one write us directly, giving the name of your local supply house. No cost or obligation.



Sample Book
Free for the Asking

EXCLUSIVE IMPORTERS—DAVID COX DRAWING PAPER

B. K. ELLIOTT CO.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

126 SIXTH ST., PITTSBURGH, PA.

ALL THE MURALS IN THIS COUNTRY BY THE GREATEST FRESCO PAINTER OF OUR TIME

Portrait of America

BY

DIEGO RIVERA

with an explanatory text by

BERTRAM D. WOLFE

•

This book contains 60 reproductions of Rivera's murals from the San Francisco Stock Exchange and the San Francisco School of Fine Arts, the Detroit Museum, the now destroyed Rockefeller Center mural, and the complete set of 21 panels recently completed in the New Workers' School and here published for the first time in book form.

There are also an informative Introduction by Diego Rivera and an explanatory text by Bertram D. Wolfe, Director of the New Workers' School, which serves to make clear the revolutionary conceptions, both ideological and technical, which inspire Rivera's work.

Large 8vo., cloth, 232 pages, 60 plates

\$3.50

•

COVICI-FRIEDE

Publishers

386 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

New York Galleries

(Continued from page 286)

Knoedler's, 14 E. 57th St. Wood Engravings, Lithographs, Woodcuts by Auguste Lepère, May 1 to 19.

John Levy Gallery, 1 E. 57th St. Old and Modern Academic Masters, May 1 to 31.

Matisse Gallery, 51 E. 57th St. French Paintings, May 1 to 31.

Midtown Gallery, 559 Fifth Ave. Oils by Ary Stillman, May 1 to 5; Watercolors and Mural Sketches by Paul R. Meltsner, May 7 to 26.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57th St. Bali Studies by Maurice Sterne, May 1 to 5.

Raymond & Raymond, 40 E. 49th St. A Survey of the Development of Portraiture, May 1 to 31.

Frank K. M. Rehn Gallery, 683 Fifth Ave. Paintings by Franklin C. Watkins, May 1 to 5; Paintings by American Artists, May 7 to 30.

Schwartz Galleries, 507 Madison Ave. Watercolors and Etchings of Marine Subjects by Edward Soderberg, May 1 to 5.

Marie Sterner Gallery, 9 E. 57th St. Paintings by Karl Zerbe, May 7 to 19.

Valentine Gallery, 69 E. 57 St. Selected Watercolors by Eilshemius, May 1 to 15.

Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lexington Ave. Watercolors by Barbara Latham, May 1 to 12; Paintings by Fay Kennedy, May 14 to 31.

Howard Young Gallery, 677 Fifth Ave. 18th Century English Portraits, May 1 to 31.

May Schedule, Traveling Exhibitions of The American Federation of Arts

Beloit, Wis. (Beloit College). *Modern Painters: French, German and Dutch—reproductions*, May 21-June 4.

Cortland, N. Y. (State Normal School). *Fine Quality and Low Price*, May 3-10.

Delaware, Ohio (Ohio Wesleyan University). *Conservative vs. Modern Art in Painting*, May 10-June 5.

Elmira, N. Y. (Arnot Art Gallery). *Watercolors in the Modern Manner*, May.

Fredonia, N. Y. (State Normal School). *Survey of Painting—Color reproductions*, 1-15.

Groton, Mass. (Groton School). *Modern Photography*, May 1-8.

Manchester, N. H. (Currier Gallery of Art). *Textiles, Near Eastern and Peruvian*, May.

Reading, Pa. (Public Museum and Art Gallery). *Native Element in Contemporary American Painting*, April 18-May 7.

Salt Lake City, Utah (East High School).
 1933 National Scholastic Exhibition of
 High School Art, May 1-15.
 Scranton, Pa. (Everhart Museum). *The Art
 of a City*, May.
 Southborough, Mass. (St. Mark's School).
*Modern Painters: French, German and
 Dutch—reproductions*, May 7-15.
 Southborough, Mass. (St. Mark's School).
Modern Photography, May 20-28.
 South Byfield, Mass. (Governor Dummer
 Academy). *Survey of Painting—Color re-
 productions*, May 20-June 3.
 Sweet Briar, Va. (Sweet Briar College).
Young Americans: Sixteen Oil Paintings,
 April 21-May 5.
 Trenton, New Jersey (New Jersey State Mu-
 seum). *Plant Forms in Ornament*, May 4-
 June 15.
 Washington, D. C. (Landon School). *Pic-
 tures for College Student Rooms*, May 4-20.

Foreign Travel and Study

The summer show of the London Royal
 Academy opens May 7 at the Burlington
 House.

(Continued on page 290)

Your

**NEW YORK TRIP
 becomes more
 enjoyable when
 you live at the**

**HOTEL
 MONTCLAIR**

LEXINGTON AVENUE
 49th to 50th STS • N.Y. C.

Convenient to theatres, smart shops, famous
 Radio City, business sections, railroad and
 bus terminals.

•
 Coral Room for
 Dinner and Supper Dancing
 •

800 RESTFUL OUTSIDE ROOMS
 WITH BATH, SHOWER, RADIO
 SINGLE \$2.50 DOUBLE \$3.50

Art as a means of enriching Life

ART AND PEOPLE

BY LOCKIE PARKER

*A rare achievement—a volume
 that treats the subject of art in a
 practical manner for the layman
 and at the same time makes definite
 and constructive aesthetic criticisms.
 Miss Parker describes the uses of
 art as ornament, as an escape, as
 influencing trends, and as contribut-
 ing necessary factors to successful
 living. It is dedicated to the rapidly
 growing public who are seeking a
 personal appreciation of art in all
 its forms.*

160 Pages • \$1.75

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY, N. Y.

WE SUPPLY OUT-OF-PRINT AND "HARD-TO-GET" BOOKS ON EVERY PHASE OF ART

in any language and books on all other
 subjects. We make a thorough search for
 the book you want through our world-wide
 system and report items to you at lowest
 prices.

*No charge or obligation whatsoever for
 this service. Send us your book-want
 list today.*

We also supply back numbers of magazines,
 pamphlets, periodicals of all kinds, do-
 mestic and foreign. We specialize in art
 magazines in all languages.

* * * GENEALOGIES, family and town
 histories a specialty. Family records
 traced by experts.

We Also Buy Books of All Kinds
 single volumes, sets, libraries, magazines.
 Autographs and manuscripts, literary and
 historical, purchased. Send us your list of
 items for sale for our offers.

Current Books of All Publishers on Every Subject

supplied as soon as published at regular
 bookstore prices—*postfree*. Send us your
 orders.

Monthly "New-books" Magazine *FREE* on
 request

Correspondence invited on all book matters

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE

1472 Broadway Dept. 226 New York



Summer is the Fête and Festival Season in Japan

Join the fascinating cruise on the luxurious American Mail Line steamer President Jefferson. The art treasures of Japan are especially included in the itinerary which includes Yokohama, Kobe, Beppu, Mt. Aso, Miyajima, Kyoto, Nara, Miyanoshita, Kamakura, Tokyo, Matsushima, Nikko, etc. A splendidly planned vacation trip approved by the American Federation of Arts Travel Bureau.

Sailing July 7th from Seattle

New York members of the party start out July 2d and will be joined en route to Seattle by the parties from other cities. Steamer returns to Victoria, August 21st. Party then proceeds east through the Canadian Rockies to Montreal and New York, or directly home if you prefer.

The price of the entire trip, everything included, \$715 and up.

For Detailed information, write

AMERICAN MAIL LINE and DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINES

New York, Boston, Washington, D. C., Chicago, Cleveland, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego.

... ..

DOLLAR LINE steamers sail from New York every Thursday to California. Also Round The World Trips of 104 Days, \$654—1st class.

"We sell unusual things" We sell immortals

Our summer "Fine Arts Tour" under the direction of Prof. Frank Zozzora gives you the world's greatest art, in its own matchless settings . . . the art centers of Europe, hill towns of Italy, old walled towns of Germany. A grand vacation, plus invaluable instruction. 56 days, only \$805 . . . no foreign exchange to consider. Approved by the Travel Bureau of The American Federation of Arts. Write now for booklet "R" of University Tours.

COOK'S THOS. COOK & SON
WAGONS-LITS INC.

587 Fifth Avenue
New York and branches

(Continued from page 289)

The London Society of Women Artists will hold their exhibition from June 6 to 30 at the Royal Institute Galleries.

Sweden's historic mid-summer eve festivals will be celebrated on the eve of June 23; the most picturesque and typically native festival will take place in colorful Dalecarlia.

Any student matriculating at one of the French Universities which hold summer courses for Foreign Students, is entitled to a reduction of 50 per cent on the French railroads, between the port of landing and the university town; this reduction applies equally to the return journey. A complete list of summer courses offered by French Universities has recently been published by the French Line, Rockefeller Center, New York.

A very handsome booklet describing the Art and Music Courses offered by the International School of Art in Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Austria can be secured by writing to Mrs. Helen B. Mac-Millan, Executive Secretary, 127 E. 55th St., New York City.

The museum officials of Japan are planning summer exhibitions of special interest to visitors from America. This country is becoming more and more popular as a vacation land.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART BUYERS' GUIDE

DEALERS IN WORKS OF ART

EHRRICH GALLERIES

Paintings

36 East 57th Street, New York City

FRENCH & COMPANY, INC. DECORATORS

*Works of Art, Furniture,
Tapestries and Antiques*

210 East 57th Street, New York City

JACOB HIRSCH

Antiquities and Numismatics, Inc.

30 West 54th St., New York

*Works of Art—Egyptian—Greek—Roman
Mediaeval—Renaissance*

Ars Classica, S. A. 31 Quai du Mont Blanc
Geneva (Switzerland)

MACBETH GALLERY

American Paintings

Etchings

15 and 19 East 57th Street, New York City

PIERRE MATISSE GALLERY

Fuller Building, 51 East 57th Street
New York City

WORKS OF MODERN

FRENCH PAINTERS

CERAMIC SUPPLIES

B. F. DRAKENFELD & CO., INC.

45-47 Park Place, New York City

Clays, Majolica and Matt Glazes, Underglaze
and Overglaze Colors, Glass Colors, Modeling
Tools, Brushes and Pottery Decorating Kilns.

ART PUBLISHERS (Reproductions)

BRAUN & CIE., Paris

Color Facsimile Reproductions of Old and
Modern Masters

Illustrated Catalogues 50 cents

E. S. HERRMANN, General Agent
62 West 47th St. New York, N. Y.

RUDOLF LESCH FINE ARTS, INC.

Publishers of Reproductions

of Old and Modern Masters

Distributors of the Carnegie

Art Equipment Reference Set

225 Fifth Avenue New York City

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Fifth Avenue at 82d Street, New York

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM COLORPRINTS

PHOTOGRAPHS - CATALOGUES

The American Wing, a new picture book
Price, 25 cents

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

CELLULOID CORPORATION

Established 1872

Manufacturers of Protectoid. The ideal cov-
ering for Drawings, Etchings, Paintings, etc.

10 East 40th Street New York City

PACKERS AND SHIPPERS

W. S. BUDWORTH AND SON

Collecting and Packing for
Art Exhibitions a Specialty

Established 1867

TEL. COLUMBUS 5-2194

424 West 52nd Street, New York City

A Listing in the
BUYERS' GUIDE
costs little is worth much



SCHOOLS



A Monthly List of Selected Schools

BOOTHBAY STUDIOS SUMMER SCHOOL OF ART

Boothbay Harbor. Coast of Maine.

•
LANDSCAPE AND MARINE PAINT-
ING. NORMAL ART. COMMERCIAL
ART. POTTERY. PENCIL. DESIGN.
CRAFTS.

•
ALFRED G. PELIKAN, TEACHER TRAINING. ARTHUR
L. GUPTILL, PEN AND INK AND PENCIL RENDERING.
RUTH ERIKSSON ALLEN, POTTERY AND MODEL-
ING. WARREN BERRY, BLOCK PRINTING. FRANK
LEONARD ALLEN, OIL AND WATER COLOR PAINT-
ING. ELAINE HALPIN, POTTERY AND MODELING.
PROF. EUGENE HUET, FRENCH. LECTURERS:
ROYAL BAILY FARNUM, GROUP CONFERENCES ON
SOCIAL TRENDS AND COMMUNITY ART PROJECTS.
WILLIAM L. LONGYEAR, PACKAGING AND ADVER-
TISING.

•
CATALOG DESCRIBING FACULTY
COURSES - CREDITS

Address FRANK L. ALLEN, Director
230 West 59th St., N. Y. City

WOODSTOCK SCHOOL of PAINTING

Instructors:
Konrad Cramer Yasuo Kuniyoshi
Henry Lee McFee Henry Mattson
Charles Rosen Judson Smith

For catalog write
JUDSON SMITH, Director, Woodstock, N. Y.



University of New Mexico
SCHOOL OF PAINTING AT TAOS
June 18 to July 28
Taos Artists Critic Teachers
INDIAN ART AT SANTA FE
July 23 to August 31
For further information address:
Registrar, U. N. M., Albuquerque, N. M.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS

Philadelphia (Winter), Chester Springs, Pa. (Summer)

Oldest fine arts schools in America. (Est. 1805.)
Unified direction. City and Country locations; un-
excelled equipment for the complete professional train-
ing of the artist. Distinguished faculty. Preliminary
classes for beginners. Departments of Painting, Sculp-
ture, Illustration, Mural Painting; also a co-ordinated
course with the University of Pennsylvania, B.F.A.
degree. European Scholarships and other prizes.

Philadelphia School—Broad and Cherry Streets.
Eleanor N. Fraser, Curator.

Chester Springs (Summer) School—May 14-Sept. 29.
Resident students only. Joseph T. Fraser, Jr., Curator.
Address Chester Springs, Pa., after May 14.

Write now for summer school booklet

PRATT INSTITUTE

SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS

47th Year

Pictorial Illustration, Fashion Illustration, Advertising
Design, Interior Decoration, Industrial Design, Teacher
Training, Architecture. Catalogue on request.

215 Ryerson Street Brooklyn, New York

THE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF ART

Art Courses Elma Pratt, Director Music Courses
AUSTRIA—CZECHOSLOVAKIA—HUNGARY
POLAND—ROUMANIA—TUNIS

Creative work with outstanding instructors. Intimate
contacts with peasant art, music, dance, whereby
artists gain new color sense, rhythm, techniques, en-
rich power of individual expression.

For colorful prospectus, write Exec. Sec'y, or call
at Studio

MRS. H. B. MacMILLAN 127 E. 55th St., N. Y. C.

SPECIAL RATES

for school advertising in the
American Magazine of Art
can be had by addressing

CHARLES Z. OFFIN

40 East 49th Street
New York City

PRELIMINARY PROGRAM

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

All Sessions at The Shoreham Hotel Unless Otherwise Stated

General Subject: ART IN AMERICA

This program is tentative and subject to change in order of sessions and papers

MONDAY, MAY 14, 1934

- 9:00-10:30 A. M. Registration
10:30 A. M. Opening Session
Brief Reports on the Year's Work
"A Quarter Century of Work for the Arts in America," *Herbert Adams*
Brief Reminiscences by Early Officers
12:30-2:00 P. M. Luncheon, The Shoreham Hotel—Brief Reports from Chapters
2:15 P. M. Drive Through Parks and Mount Vernon Parkway, Ending at
3:30 P. M. Freer Gallery Auditorium: Whistler Memorial Program
An Estimate of Whistler, *Elisabeth Luther Cary*, *Art Critic*, *New York Times*
5:00-6:00 P. M. Opening of Whistler Centenary Exhibition, Freer Gallery
7:00 P. M. Informal Dinner, The Shoreham Hotel
Subject of Discussion: "Coöperation Between the Chapters and the Federation"

TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1934

- 10:30-12:15 A. M. THE GOVERNMENT WELCOMES THE ARTS
Secretary Wallace and Others
12:30-2:00 P. M. Luncheon, The Shoreham Hotel—Brief Reports from Chapters
2:00-4:00 P. M. Free for Exhibitions, etc.
4:00-6:00 P. M. Visit to "Dumbarton Oaks," Estate of Hon. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss
6:30 P. M. Round Table Dinners—The Shoreham Hotel
8:00 P. M. Corcoran Gallery of Art Auditorium
"PWAP—A New Deal for the Artist," *Forbes Watson*
View of Exhibition, Public Works of Art Project

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1934

- 10:30-12:15 THE ARTS FIND A PLACE
A Great City Looks to the Arts
Cleveland Recognizes Its Artists, *W. M. Milliken*
What a Small Community Can Do, *Edward B. Rowan*
What of Radio in the Arts? *René d'Harnoncourt*
The Artist Serves His Community
12:30-2:00 P. M. Luncheon, The Shoreham Hotel—Brief Reports from Chapters
2:15 P. M. Annual Meeting
Business, Election of Trustees, etc.
Closing Address of President Whiting—"The Next Quarter Century"
3:30 P. M. Meeting of Board of Directors
7:30 P. M. Annual Dinner
Hon. Robert Woods Bliss will preside, Mrs. Roosevelt, Dr. Arnold Bennett
Hall, and others will speak

There is the other false notion that there are only a few arts—say the seven arts—when, in reality, we might better say there are a thousand arts. We usually name only those by which a professional may make a living, but not all by which common folk may make a better life. All that man does or senses may be made more beautiful than is the case in the careless run of events. . . . To some things he must, in real life, give stoical obedience, but he still has the life of imagination and art with which to actualize his dream.

HENRY SUZZALO